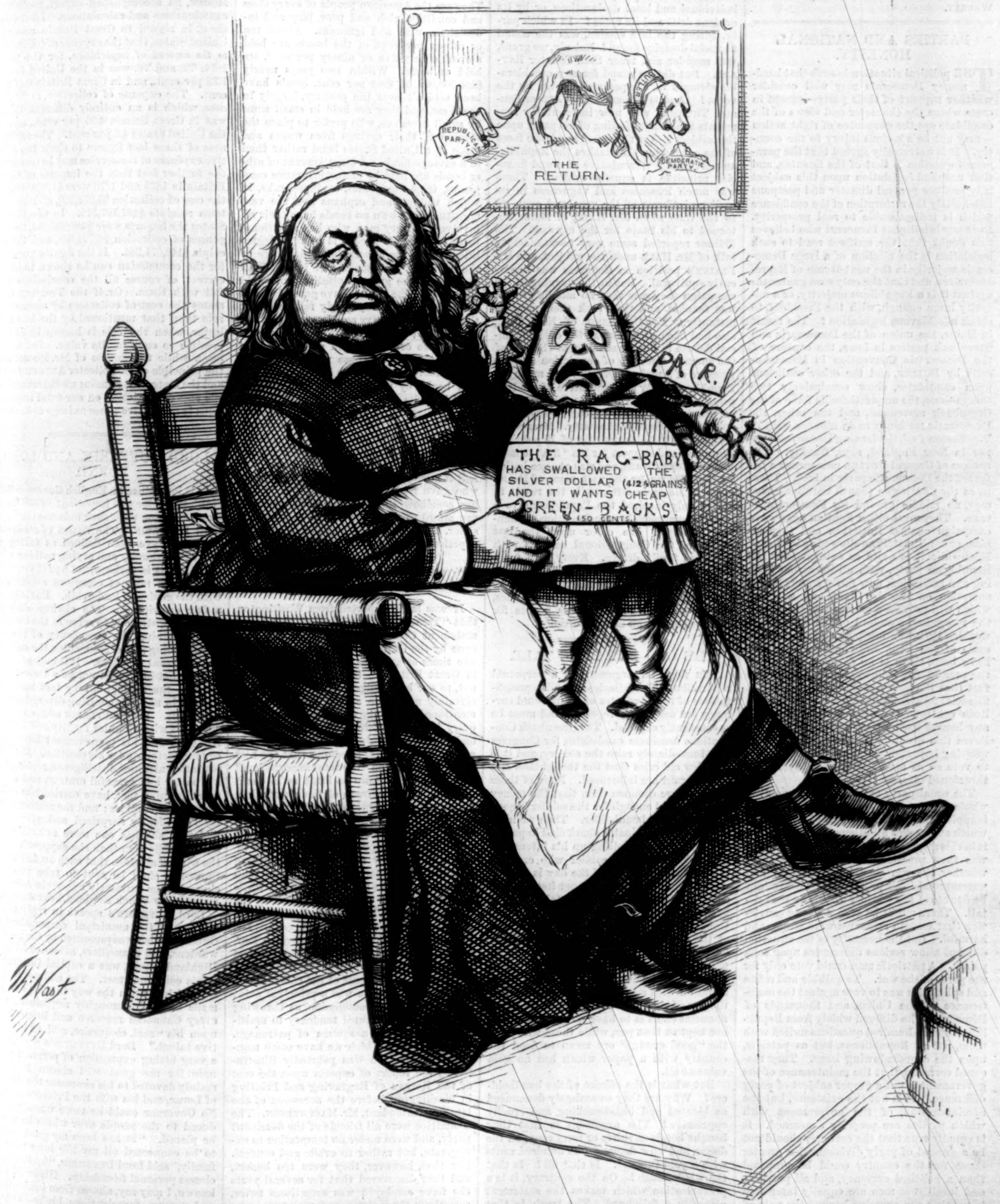
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXII.—No. 1139.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


REPUBLICAN PARTY.
BUTLER
DEMOCRATIC PARTY.
THE RETURN.
PA (R.
THE RAG-BABY HAS SWALLOWED THE SILVER DOLLAR (412½ GRAINS.) AND IT WANTS CHEAP GREEN-BACKS (50 CENTS.)
Th. Nast

IN THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET AGAIN.
WILL MASSACHUSETTS ACCEPT THIS ENCUMBRANCE?

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar Postage Free.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, or Harper's Bazar will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, Postage Prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, October 26, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains another installment of* "A Dark Inheritance," *and other attractive features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

PARTIES AND NATIONAL HONESTY.

The political situation is such that hard-money Democrats may well consider whether support of their party—except in cases where the character and views of the candidate are the guarantee of right action—may not be a serious injury to the country. It is universally agreed that the paramount question is that of the finances, and that unsound legislation upon this subject may produce general disaster and postpone indefinitely the restoration of the confidence which is indispensable to real prosperity. Does any intelligent Democrat who believes this doubt that the swiftest road to such legislation is the election of a large Democratic majority in the next House of Representatives, and that the only sure guarantee against it is a Republican majority, or a minority large enough, with the President, to check mischievous legislation? The result in Maine, the union of the Democratic and Greenback parties in Iowa, the capture of the Democratic Convention in Massachusetts by Butler, and the other coalitions upon candidates, show conclusively two things—one, the unquestionable force of the Greenback movement, and the other, the Democratic tendency to an alliance with it. The Boston *Post*, the leading Democratic paper in New England, says, frankly, "The success of General Butler now means a defeat of the Democratic party in 1880. There is, as the Charleston (South Carolina) *News* says, no middle ground for Democrats to take. They must either fight an aggressive campaign against Butlerism and Communism, or be ultimately swallowed up by them." Meanwhile it is quite as evident that the Republican party, with all its earlier halting and hesitation, now fairly stands for resumption on the day fixed, and a policy which will provide a currency at the par of the recognized standard of the commercial world. However unequal and inadequate some of the Republican declarations may have been, there is no doubt whatever of the present Republican position, nor of the fact that the only positive security against financial folly and disaster is virtual Republican control. On what ground, then, can any honest hard-money Democrat who believes this question to be the one of most pressing importance at this election decline to vote so as most certainly to avoid the threatened disaster?

The usual party argument, that upon the whole it is best the party should prevail, is inapplicable in the presence of a question which supersedes all others. The situation is in this respect like that of the war. There was then practically but one question—whether the war should be resolutely and uncompromisingly prosecuted. There might be doubts of the wisdom of this or that detail. There might be even a strong conviction that certain measures were wrong and harmful. But the necessity of the situation did not allow serious differences upon such points. A patriotic man could vote only for the party of the war. To quibble and refine and split hairs was to vote against the maintenance of the Union, and thousands of Democrats who differed widely from Republicans upon a hundred questions united with them, not as Republicans, but as patriots, upon the overshadowing issue. They reasoned correctly that the maintenance of the government is not a proper subject of party difference. It is not the existence, but the administration, of the government with which parties are properly concerned. It is equally true that the currency should not be a ground of party division. No greater curse for the country could be proposed than a political currency, and all patriotic and intelligent men are equally interested in putting the question beyond the pale of party. The usual argument of the partisan, therefore, that the party should be supported because, upon the whole, it is surer to secure the public welfare, fails in this exigency. It can not secure the public welfare upon the most vital and immediate question, unless postponement of resumption and some form of inflation are essential to that welfare.

If it be answered that the New York Democratic Convention has declared sound financial doctrines, we ask whether that declaration disproves the assertion that as between the two parties the Greenbackers desire Democratic success, and whether the Greenbackers in New York come from the Democratic or the Republican side? Mr. Cox is a New York Democrat. If Mr. Cox should be elected to Congress, will he any the less vote for fiat money and for inflation because the New York Democratic Convention has declared for "steady steps toward specie payment," and for "gold and silver coin and paper convertible into coin at the will of the holder the only currency of the country?" Is a party to be estimated by individual and local declarations, or by its evident drift and its votes? In which party, during the late session, was the sound financial doctrine found? Nobody, we grant, was sounder and truer than Senator Bayard. But did he stand for any considerable element in his party as shown by the votes? And is it Senator Bayard or Senator Thurman who now indisputably represents the general feeling of his party upon the subject? On the other hand, the force of the conviction that makes the Republican party the representative of sound financial principle is equally evident. There was much looseness and vagueness in its earlier platforms of the year, and even up to the time when Mr. Hale, of Maine, returned to his State for the canvass. The *Tribune* reported some very unsatisfactory talk of Mr. Hale upon the subject, and Mr. Blaine's position in Congress was apparently equivocal. But at the opening of the campaign they saw that no middle ground was tenable, and they took their position instantly. Mr. Conkling, of New York, also had been silent during the entire financial debate in Congress. But at the end of the summer strength of conviction and the pressure of a plain emergency had made the Republican party representative of the true principle, and Mr. Conkling felt it necessary to show his hearty concurrence with the spirit and demand of the party. Meanwhile General Butler, despairing of Republican sympathy and support for his "fiat" money, left the Republicans, and was at once hailed as their leader by the vast mass of Democrats in Massachusetts, while the result in Maine only inspired the Republicans to a more uncompromising proclamation of financial principle. We enter upon the last weeks of the Congressional canvass with the lines firmly drawn. Every vote for a Democrat who is not known to be as sound and resolute as Bayard is a vote for financial anarchy. As between the two parties, every vote for a Republican is a vote for resumption and an honest currency.

THE OLD BUT TRUE TALE.

The financial argument is a perpetual reiteration. The fallacies and misrepresentations of the advocates of an unsound currency are constantly repeated, and must be as constantly exposed. The Greenback Conventions nominate candidates for Congress who immediately raise the old cry, and it is by a few old cries that the thoughtless and the ignorant are influenced. None of these cries is more common than that the money which is good enough for the soldier is good enough for the bondholder. Then we have a picture of the bloated shark clad in purple and fine linen and piling up his interest in gold, while the poor soldier who endured the heat and struggle of the day is put off with paper. Or else the paper itself is glorified, and becomes the battle-stained greenback by which victory was won and the Union maintained. Now if a man will look at the facts, he can not deny that whether he be paid in paper or coin, he is paid in what is to-day substantially an equivalent currency. Whoever is "put off" with paper is put off with something which is at about the par of gold, and the object of all sound financial effort is to have no paper which is not kept at that par, while those who raise the "good enough" cry mean to flood the country with a paper which has no gold value at all.

But what is the offense of the bondholders? Why are they so savagely denounced as bloated and blood-sucking and cruelly oppressive? The argument is that they bought bonds at thirty or forty cents on the dollar, and now demand one hundred cents with a gold interest. Is that all? Is that the whole truth? On the contrary, it is a prevarication which makes the statement virtually a falsehood. The truth is that when the country was in desperate extremity, when the one thing above all others that it needed to save its life was money, and when it was so extremely doubtful whether it could ever repay a single cent that might be advanced to it that it used every fair inducement to secure a loan, there were men who came forward and lent their money at the risk of losing every dollar. It was a service only less meritorious than that of the offer of personal service and of life made by the soldiers. In no other way could the soldiers have been paid and their families maintained. Upon what conceivable ground of decency, or truth, or manly honor, or common honesty, can the country, which has had all the advantage from the loan that it could have hoped in its most sanguine moment, now offer to withdraw from keeping its pledged faith? Should the dishonorable cry be heeded, and the country break its sacred promise, it would deserve the defeat and disaster which would be sure to overwhelm it should another hour of such vital peril and dire necessity arise.

And who are these bloated bondholders? They are the American people of every class and condition, rich and poor, lazy and industrious, wise and ignorant. About ten or fifteen per cent. of the bonds are held abroad, eighty-five or ninety per cent. are held at home. Within two years nearly $150,000,000 of four per cent. bonds have been sold all over the country, largely in the West, and they are held in small sums by small investors, who prefer to place the surplus of their savings from wages and trade in a United States bond rather than in a savings-bank. A large amount of other bonds are held by banks, insurance companies, trust companies, savings-banks, in which widows and orphans and the vast multitude who own no bonds have their all involved. Every man who has a national bank note in his pocket is to that degree interested in the honorable maintenance of the value of the bonds. It is not Wall Street and the great capitalists who hold the bonds. The holders have generally paid the full value, or very nearly full value, for them, and the country could not recede from its plighted faith without destroying the whole base of credit upon which financial transactions rest. Those who really wish "the laborer's dollar" to be of full value will begin by insisting that the country shall keep its word and not break it. For every dollar bill in his pocket the country has promised to pay every man a dollar. But if it begins by refusing to pay some of its promises, it will end by repudiating all. If it will not keep faith with those who lent it money, it will break faith with those who gave their services and lives. "God has somehow so fixed the world that we can afford to do about right," said the old sailor. Honesty is the best policy, says the experience of mankind.

CORRECTIONS THAT DO NOT CORRECT.

It was lately reported from Washington that "Treasury officers" denied an alleged statement that "the cost of collecting revenue by the United States government was five times as great as the cost of collection in Great Britain." Such a statement has not, to our knowledge, been made, and was certainly not made at the time and place mentioned. But the Jay commission of inquiry into the Custom-house, in their second report, dated July 4, 1877, did state in a detailed statistical appendix that the cost of our collection on "the total importations" was nearly five times as large as in Great Britain. The chairman of the commission, Mr. Jay, in a recent article in the *North American Review*, repeated the statement, and "Treasury officers" have not as yet questioned or disproved it. The facts of the case are very simple, and as nothing demands more thorough overhauling than the whole customs system, it is worth while to repeat some of the facts disclosed by the Jay commission, and which, buried in an official report, are very little known. Mr. Jay, in a timely note to the *Evening Post*, plainly sets forth the conclusions reached by the commission.

The comparative cost of the collection of our customs revenue was a principal point of inquiry by the commission, as throwing light upon the natural tendency to multiply places under a system of patronage. This is a point which we have often mentioned, and which was pointedly illustrated by the report of experts upon the cost of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington before the accession of the late superintendent, Mr. Macpherson. The committee were all friends of the dominant party, and were under no temptation to exaggerate, but rather to evade and conceal. For that, however, they were too honest, and they discovered that for several years the force employed was sometimes twice, sometimes three times, as large as was necessary, and they concluded that more than half the force could be dispensed with. The Jay commission, also, it will be remembered, recommended that one-fifth or twenty per cent. of the force employed in the New York Custom-house should be dismissed. It was the opinion of political gentlemen who find the Custom-house a convenient machine that such a recommendation was exceedingly unpractical, and undoubtedly the removals led to great hardships and suffering, which should be all credited to the system that multiplies offices as partisan rewards.

Upon the specific point of the comparative cost of collection, the Jay commission mentioned in the appendix to their second report that after its completion they received from the late Collector Arthur the statistical notes upon the subject which they had requested. The Collector had said that "the only way to estimate the percentage of cost of collection is to do it on the total importations for the year, whether they be free or dutiable, because the free goods have to be entered anyway," etc. Mr. J. S. Moore, an accomplished expert, made the examinations and calculations. His tables show, in regard to Great Britain and the United States, that the expense of collection, *to the amount of importation*, for the years 1874, '75, and '76, was in the United States 1.33 per cent., and in Great Britain 0.27 per cent. The expense of collection, *to the revenue*, which is an entirely different thing, was in Great Britain 4.95 per cent., and in the United States 4.5 per cent. The uselessness of these last figures to show the relative expenses of the service may be seen from the further fact that the imports of Great Britain in 1875 and 1876 were $1,869,700,000, the cost of collection $4,972,520, and the customs receipts $101,707,515. In the United States the imports were $480,293,273, the expenses of collection $6,704,858, and the receipts $148,071,984. If the figures prepared for the commission can be shown to be incorrect, of course all the conclusions will fall with them. Or if the Treasury estimates the cost of collection by some other rule than that mentioned by the late Collector, when the rule is known it will be possible to consider its value. But in the mean while the figures of Mr. Moore and the principle of ex-Collector Arthur stand, and the statement remains undisturbed that the cost of collection on our total importations is nearly five times as large as in Great Britain.

LORD DUFFERIN AND LORD LORNE.

It is long since an English Governor-General left a colony so important as the Canadian Dominion with such universal favor as Lord Dufferin. The duties of a colonial Governor have been defined as taking no side with urbanity and saying nothing with grace. This is, perhaps, not a part very congenial to a man of conscious ability and with the genius of leadership. But it is not a fair description. The obvious duty of such a magistrate is to serve as the medium of maintaining the ascendency of the national feeling and of reconciling the colonial and maternal relations. It is indispensable to this that he should not be a violent partisan in the colony, but by tact and skill succeed in not antagonizing divergent local sentiment. Lord Dufferin seems to have done this with singular facility and felicity. His gifts and his temperament have been equally fortunate for his position. His Irish warmth, quickness, intelligence, and gayety, his happy and graceful oratory, and a certain charming tact, have carried him softly through all troubles; and the mother country is evidently surprised and pleased to find that she has one more available and adroit public man than she supposed. It is the wish of all sides that such an Admirable Crichton shall be sent to take practical charge of the extremely uncertain Asian responsibility which England has assumed.

Lord Dufferin's speech in reply to the address of the municipal corporations of Ontario, which was presented by the mayors, wardens, and councillors, attended by three Highland pipers, was a capital illustration of his courteous tact. The address complimented him upon the way in which he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with every Canadian resource and interest, and upon his "zeal, eloquence, and administrative talent." Lord Dufferin's reply, after a very fitting expression of personal gratitude for the good-will shown him, was mainly devoted to his successor the Marquis of Lorne, and his wife the Princess Louise. No Governor could be more warmly introduced to the people over whom he was to be placed. "It has been my good fortune to be connected all my life long with his family," said Lord Dufferin, "by ties of the closest personal friendship. Himself I have known, I may say, almost from his boyhood, and a more conscientious, high-minded, or better qualified Viceroy could not have been selected……His public school and college education, his experience of the House of

Commons, his large personal acquaintance with the representatives of all that is most distinguished in the intellectual world of the United States, his literary and artistic tastes, his foreign travel, will all combine to render him intelligently sympathetic with every phase and aspect of your national life." His "good Whig stock" was not forgotten; and Lord Dufferin was very sure that a man whose ancestors had given two martyrs to religious and political freedom would not, as the representative of the crown, encroach on the privileges of Parliament or the independence of the people.

In a still higher strain he praised the Princess Louise; and then, with excellent humor, he said:

> "Lord Lorne has, as I have said, a multitude of merits; but even spots will be discovered on the sun, and unfortunately an irreparable and, as I may call it, a congenital defect attaches to this appointment. Lord Lorne is not an Irishman. [Great laughter.] It is not his fault—he did the best he could for himself. [Renewed laughter.] He came as near the right thing as possible by being born a Celtic Highlander. [Continued laughter.] There is no doubt the world is best administered by Irishmen. [Hear, hear.] Things never went better with us either at home or abroad than when Lord Palmerston ruled Great Britain [cheers], Lord Mayo governed India [cheers], Lord Monck directed the destinies of Canada [cheers], and the Robinsons, the Kennedys, the Laffans, the Callaghans, the Gores, the Hennesseys, administered the affairs of our Australian colonies and West Indian possessions. [Applause.] Have not even the French at last made the same discovery in the person of Marshal M'Mahon? [Laughter and applause.] But still we must be generous, and it is right Scotchmen should have a turn. [Laughter.] After all, Scotland only got her name because she was conquered by the Irish (great laughter), and if the real truth were known, it is probable the house of Inverary owes most of its glory to its Irish origin. [Applause.] Nay, I will go a step further—I would even let the poor Englishman take an occasional turn at the helm [great laughter], if for no better reason than to make him aware how much better we manage the business. [Renewed laughter.] But you have not come to that yet, and though you have been a little spoiled by having been given three Irish Governor-Generals in succession, I am sure that you will find your new Viceroy's personal and acquired qualifications will more than counterbalance his ethnological disadvantages."

This is good fooling, and the *Spectator* thinks that there is an under-tone of seriousness in it. However that may be, the arrival of the Queen's daughter and her husband, simultaneously with the late political reaction in Canada, gives a new interest to the affairs of the Dominion. If its loyalty to the mother country needed strengthening, or if it was thought desirable to confirm the hold of the aristocratic spirit of the Dominion, nothing could have been better devised than the appointment of the Marquis and the Princess. It is possible that the natural tendencies toward the United States of an English colony upon this continent which is virtually independent might have been suspected, or some signs of it discovered, and that a ministry which is nothing if not "imperial" might have wished to withstand them. For what would it advantage a Jingo Administration to make the Queen Empress of India, yet lose Canada? The signs of such a tendency are not very obvious, and they will not be hastened by any thing upon the side of this country but perfect good-will. It is, however, evident that the presence of the Queen's daughter in Canada will invest the country with new interest to the Great Republic, which, as the London *Times* intimates, if it chooses to spell itself with a great R, is quite willing to spell Queen with a great Q.

AN INDEFINITE DOLLAR.

The speech of Secretary Schurz at Cincinnati was an admirably comprehensive treatment of the pending financial question, and would serve as an excellent manual for all voters, whatever the result in Ohio or elsewhere. It is the advantage of an orator in a campaign like this that he can state principles which are always true and valuable. There is no subject more important in every country than the finances, and there is none upon which there is a more general want of knowledge. Indeed, there is a common feeling that there are no principles upon the subject, and that nobody really knows any thing about it. But the discussion of this year ought to correct that error. One or two cardinal and indisputable facts, indeed, ought to persuade those who say that all financial discussion is moonshine, to distrust their own skepticism. Thus, nobody who can read and has read history will deny that in barbaric times and countries exchanges are made, if at all, by barter. He will not deny that gradually money comes into use both as a measure of value and a medium of exchange. He will agree that certain metals only, and mainly gold, have been universally used for money. Now he will hardly argue that this is a chance. He will not deny that there must be a reason for all this. But when he has admitted that, he has admitted substantially that there are laws that regulate the matter. He has mastered, without knowing it, the A B C of finance, as Professor Newcomb calls it.

It is not hard for an intelligent man to apply some of these simplest principles to what seem to be and are usually called very complex and mysterious subjects. There was probably many such a man in Ohio before the election who would not read Mr. Schurz's speech because he did not believe he could understand it. But see how simply Mr. Schurz applies the principle that by the common consent of civilization a certain metal is the final measure of value. This is so because people have found by experience that they must have such a measure, and that such a measure must have certain qualities. All these have been found in gold more fully than in any other substance, and consequently gold is the universal standard. Now Mr. Schurz tested "fiat" money by this simple fact. He showed to those who really suppose that a currency composed of paper printed by the government, and "with all the wealth of the country behind it," would be a convenient and certain currency, how totally mistaken they are. In the first place, the more dollars there are, the smaller is their purchasing power, so that the fiat money would constantly depreciate as to the commodities to be bought, until it would take a wheelbarrow load of dollars to buy what could be carried home in the waistcoat pocket. In the second place, we are a commercial nation. Our imports and exports will be soon counted by thousands of millions of dollars. But all that we sell and buy abroad must be paid and settled for on a gold basis. Hence the prices of our agricultural staples at home are determined by the foreign market, in which fiat money would be worth as much as shreds of brown paper. It is plain, therefore, that the fiat dollar itself, like the greenback, would be quoted at its value in gold, which is the real standard of value in the commercial world. The first effect of a "fiat" currency would be to banish gold from the country, and with its expulsion to introduce that uncertainty and fluctuation which are felt first by labor and productive industry. A paper dollar "based in some indefinite way upon an indefinite something" is not a dollar to satisfy men who intend to deal upon the principle of value received.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

The results of the October elections, so far as they are known at the time of writing, are favorable to the Republicans. That is to say, they show that the false and dangerous theories of the Greenback movement are not likely to sweep the country as with a tornado. The Maine election undoubtedly aroused and alarmed a true conservative sentiment. It indicated a possibility of tampering with the public faith, which honest men of all parties instinctively fear, and it has done much to bring such men together. The success in Ohio means that the freshet is stayed, if not arrested finally, and is so far a signal sign of the recuperative power of the country. The event demonstrates, what we have often said, that the Republican party is the political organization of the best forces of the people, to which in an emergency they instinctively recur. It is often ridiculed as a party of "moral ideas," and the assumption is certainly comical if the party were to be judged by the "Glory-to-God-regards-to-Babcock" brethren. It is they who give point to the sneer. But the strength of the party is none the less its representative character of the moral conviction of the country. That is not to say that it contains all the best men, or that it does not contain a great many who are a constant discredit. But it is to say, in the most emphatic way, that the spirit and tendency of which Republicanism is the representative are sounder and more hopeful for the common welfare than those typified by the Democracy.

Rejoicing over the general results of the autumn elections is very much more than pleasure over a mere party success. It is a true pride in the national intelligence and honor. It is satisfaction with renewed vindication of popular government. For it is not to be denied that there is great plausibility in much of the Greenback and inflation argument, and great danger to be apprehended when it is addressed to those who do not clearly understand the subject, and who are in a mood of discontent and irritation, arising from long industrial inaction. We are not saying that the day is won, or that there must not be the most constant and vigilant activity. The object in view—perhaps all that can be actually attained—is to secure such an honest hard-money vote in the House that, with the President's veto, it may prevent any serious mischief. To this end no effort must be spared, and while the result of the October elections is not so menacing as many had supposed it would be, the necessity of the union of all citizens who desire an honest financial policy is still most urgent.

The general result gives good reason for hoping and believing that there will be "no step backward," and that public sentiment will insist upon going steadily forward in the direction necessary, in the words of the New York Republican platform, to restore that permanent prosperity "which can rest alone on the fixed monetary standard of the commercial world."

THE CIPHER DISPATCHES.

There would be something inexpressibly ludicrous, if it were not so shameful and painful, in the swift following of Mr. Marble's manifesto by the disclosure of the cipher dispatches. As we write, some days have passed since the publication in the *Tribune* of the secret telegrams, with an interpretation which is so plausible as to be almost irresistible, and yet not a word of denial has appeared from any of the persons implicated. The circumstances are such that it is not easy to believe Mr. Tilden ignorant of the action of his agents, while his warmest opponents must hesitate to suppose that he could really connive at so monstrous an iniquity. That there are shameless proceedings on all sides in every election is not to be doubted, but the shrillest Democratic vociferation of "fraud" against the Republicans in the determination of the vote of 1876 has not ventured even to hint against the Republican candidate what has now been brought home, and thus far without denial, to the very door of the Democratic candidate. Should the apparent truth of this matter be established as the fact, it will be the most disgraceful event in our political history.

PERSONAL.

The fund for purchasing an annuity for Mario, once peerless as a tenor, has reached the sum of $15,000, which enables the committee having it in charge to obtain for him an annuity of thirty dollars a week for life. In his palmy days $1000 for an operatic appearance or a concert was not at all an unusual occurrence.

—The editor and publishers of M'Clintock & Strong's *Cyclopædia* have determined to include the entire alphabet within the compass of ten volumes. This will cause Vol. VIII., and probably the succeeding volumes likewise, to exceed considerably the regular size of 1000 pages. There will be no extra charge, however, for the additional number of pages, and subscribers will receive each volume at the uniform price as heretofore. But the increased amount of matter will require a somewhat longer time for its preparation, so that Vol. VIII. can not probably be got ready before the latter part of the coming winter. This, however, will not delay the final completion of the entire work, as the printers are now putting Vol. IX. in type simultaneously with Vol. VIII. It is confidently expected, therefore, that the tenth and concluding volume will be issued in about two years from the present time.

—Chin Lan Pin, first plenipotentiary of the new Chinese embassy to this country, is a very active business man. After getting the legation at Washington fairly under way, he will go to Madrid to arrange the Chinese consular service in Spain, then go to Havana for a similar purpose, and finally visit Peru, where Chinese interests need careful looking after. In his absence the Washington legation will not suffer, for Yung Wing, already well known in this country, is second plenipotentiary, and Mr. D. W. Bartlett, familiar to readers by his Washington correspondence, is secretary and interpreter.

—Dean Stanley says that the new State Department Building at Washington is one of the grandest buildings in the world.

—"He was a man, take him," etc., etc.; that is to say, such a man was Christopher Mann, of Independence, Missouri, who rejoices not merely at having just celebrated the one-hundred-and-fifth anniversary of his birth, but the higher glory of being the father of twenty-eight children.

—One of the most eccentric men who have lately died in England was a Mr. Bethel Walrond, whose premises were recently thrown open to the public to be sold by order of the court. The house and grounds are encircled by a brick wall a mile in circumference and twelve feet in height. The lawn was converted into a rabbit-warren, the deceased keeping thousands of rabbits. His chief companions were his rabbits and his dogs. He held the belief that on the death of human beings their souls passed into the bodies of dogs. As these animals died he gave them a funeral, and on the lawn there are ten graves, each having a head-stone bearing an inscription setting out the name of the animal, the place and date of birth, and the date at which it died. Until the day of his death, Mr. Walrond kept in his house the embalmed body of a daughter whose soul he believed had found a resting-place in the body of one of the dogs. No one was admitted by the deceased to the premises without special permission for each visit, and the entrance as well as the front of the house was guarded by a number of cannon. The body of the deceased daughter was kept in his dressing-room, and his own bedroom was fitted up with the view of familiarizing him with death. He slept in a massive canopied Devonshire oak bedstead, on the foot-board of which there were three skulls of females fixed. Over each corner of the bed there was a black feather plume. In the bed so decorated he died. The bed, the drapery of which was crimson and gold, is now to be sold with the other things. The oak furniture is very massive, but most of the fittings show signs of the neglect consequent on the deceased's retirement. He spent the greater portion of the last fifteen years of his life in the study of the lawsuits in which he was involved, and in the pursuit of which he seemed to find enjoyment. It is remarked in the neighborhood that he did not mind whom he went to law with or on what subject he fought, and he was regardless of the amount of money spent if he could only beat his antagonist. At one time and another he employed over forty solicitors, and he requested that in every document his full title as a grandee of Spain and as a member of various orders should be set out. The extent of the deceased's estate in Devonshire was 3000 acres.

—During the time Dean Stanley was in Baltimore he passed several hours at the residence of Madame Bonaparte, examining the unique collection of objects associated with the Bonaparte family. An evening reception was given to the dean at the university, and after a number of Baltimore's most prominent citizens had been presented to him he addressed the students in a few kindly sentences. He dwelt upon the influence of great teachers in forming the character of young men. A good pastor of any Christian church and a sound teacher did more, he said, in moulding and elevating the character of young men than any influence with which they might come in contact. In connection with this point he referred to Thomas Arnold, his own teacher.

—Captain Bogardus possesses a very remarkable stuffed bird, which he regards with unfailing interest, and for a very good reason. "That," said he, "was the last bird I shot in England in the match with Mr. Aubrey Coventry. It would have made a tie if I had not killed it. Was I excited? Not a bit. I knew I could grass it, and I did. It was stone-dead before it reached the ground. I fancy there was something like $100,000 on that bird, and it made a difference of $5000 to me, and more than that to my friends. Kind of natural, ain't it, that stuffed bird?" and the captain's face beamed with at least a $10,000 smile.

—Stuart, the famous Confederate cavalry leader, is thus described by John Esten Cooke: "From the head-quarters within might be heard the gay voice of Stuart laughing with his staff officers, his couriers, or visitors. From time to time he roared out some camp song, either 'The Old Gray Horse,' or 'The bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,' or his favorite, 'The dew is on the blossom.' If you entered, you would see him busily writing at his desk, or trolling out his catches of song, with one booted leg thrown over the arm of his chair, or laughing as he started up to slap some one on the back. Or he would call for his banjo-player, and the whole place would soon ring with the thrumming of that instrument. And then in the midst of all this merriment it was not improbable that a dispatch would be handed to him by a courier covered with dust and entering in haste. He would run his eye over it, order his horse to be brought, mount without a word, and followed by his staff, who never waited for orders, set out at a gallop with which it was hard to keep up. Brigadier-General Stuart had been informed that a scouting party of the enemy had fired into his pickets, and he was going in person to see what they wanted."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

State elections were held on the 8th inst. in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and West Virginia. Ohio and Iowa were carried by the Republicans, the former by a majority of from 5000 to 7000, and the latter by about 15,000. Indiana and West Virginia went Democratic, the former by about 10,000, and the latter 5000 majority.

An excursion train on the Old Colony Railway, returning to Boston from a boat-race, on the 8th inst., was wrecked by an open switch, in the town of Quincy, near Boston. Of the 1500 passengers twenty were killed outright and over 150 were injured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

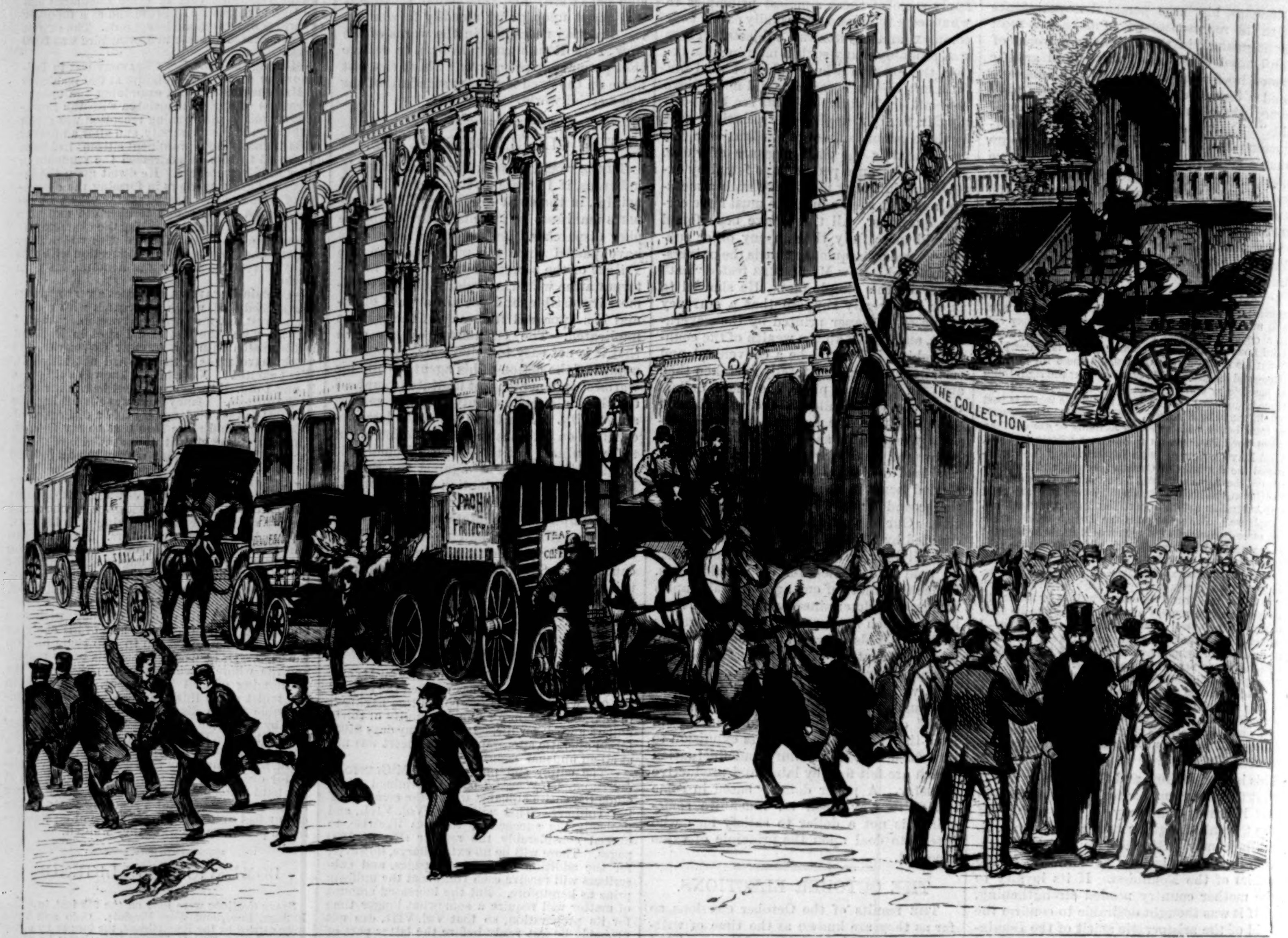
The Eastern Question: An official report from General Philippovich says a large majority of Bosnians, including Mohammedans, welcome the crushing of the insurrection with unquestionably sincere assurances of devotion and loyalty to the Austrian crown. The emperor has again thanked the general and his soldiers for their gallantry.—In the negotiations with England respecting reforms in Asia Minor the Porte has manifested a desire to incorporate reforms in a scheme which shall be applicable to the whole empire. Mr. Layard, the British ambassador, has opposed this course throughout. The diplomatists are waiting with great curiosity to see how the matter will be settled, because from the Porte's decision it will be possible to estimate the extent of England's future influence in Turkey. The hesitation of the Porte is chiefly due to England's disinclination to render pecuniary assistance. Mr. Layard, who has started on a visit to the British fleet, expects an early and favorable reply, as he has already received the Sultan's promise to that effect. The Sultan has also written to Queen Victoria, declaring his intention to inaugurate English institutions in his dominions.—The Porte has responded favorably to Servia's request to renew diplomatic relations.—Russia contests the competence of the commissioners appointed for the organization of Eastern Roumelia to invite the Porte to nominate a Governor for that province. The Russian chargé d'affaires at Constantinople has informed the Porte that wagons with Christian refugees are following the retiring Russians toward Adrianople, and he has requested the Porte to send a commission and a detachment of troops to re-assure the population. Two English leaders of the Rhodope insurrection have been driven away by the insurgents on suspicion of their having come to an understanding with the Russians, and it is feared that their dismissal will be followed by an outbreak, anarchy, and brigandage.

It is officially announced at Simla that no collision with the Afghans has occurred, and no immediate attack upon Ali Musjid is contemplated. Beyond active military preparations nothing has been done, and all statements to the contrary are false. Orders have been issued for all officers on furlough belonging to regiments in Scinde and the Punjab, or whose corps have been detailed for the Afghan expeditionary force, to rejoin their posts by the first steamer. Those absent on medical certificates are directed to present themselves for examination, and should their health permit, they will be pushed on to the front.—A Berlin dispatch says Prince Bismarck has been advised that the Sultan will endeavor to induce the Ameer of Afghanistan to receive the English mission. Another Berlin dispatch says the Emperor William has entreated the Czar to prevent if possible any fresh embroilment.

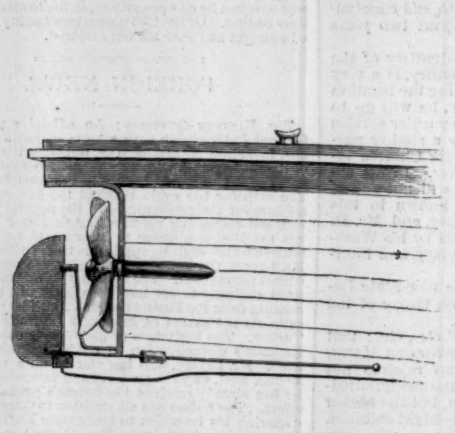
On the re-assembling of the Reichstag, on the 9th inst., Herr Frankenstein read a declaration on behalf of the Centre (Catholics) that although they recognize the dangers of the Socialist agitation, they do not consider the pending bill as the proper means for combating it, therefore the Centre will vote against the bill. At this juncture Prince Bismarck entered the House. The Socialist journals advise their followers, in the event of the passage of the Anti-Socialist Bill, to emigrate to the United States or to Asia Minor. It is reported from Berlin that Field-Marshal Count von Moltke has tendered his resignation.

President M'Mahon has signed a decree fixing the 27th inst. as the date for the election of Senators by the Municipal Councils.

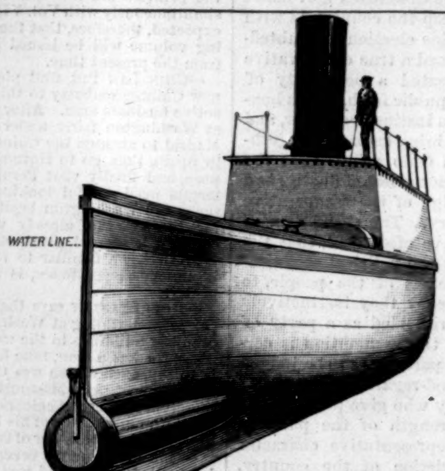
It is reported, by way of Jamaica, that a fierce revolt has taken place in Santa Cruz. The insurgents burned a town and several sugar estates, and murdered a number of leading planters. The insurrection was finally quelled, and the ringleaders were captured.


THE COLLECTION.

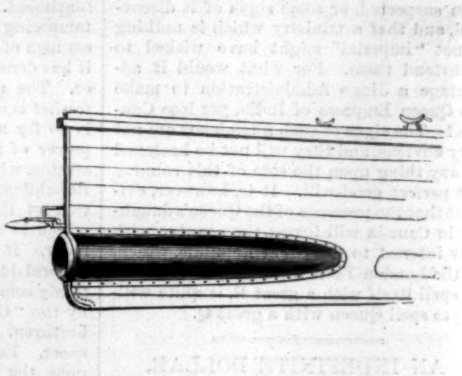
FOR THE FEVER-STRICKEN—COLLECTION OF CLOTHING IN NEW YORK.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 849.]



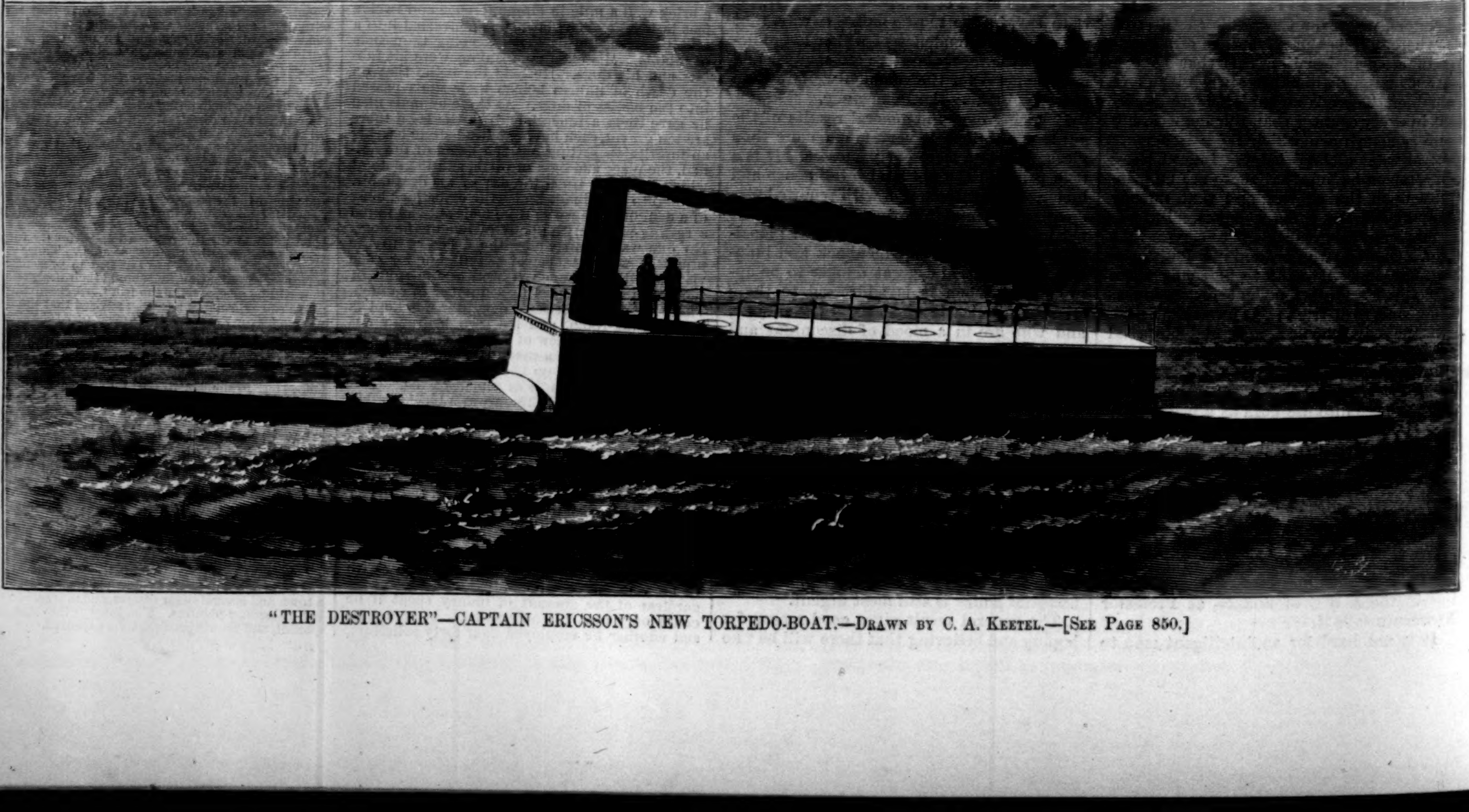
METHOD OF PROTECTING STEERING GEAR.



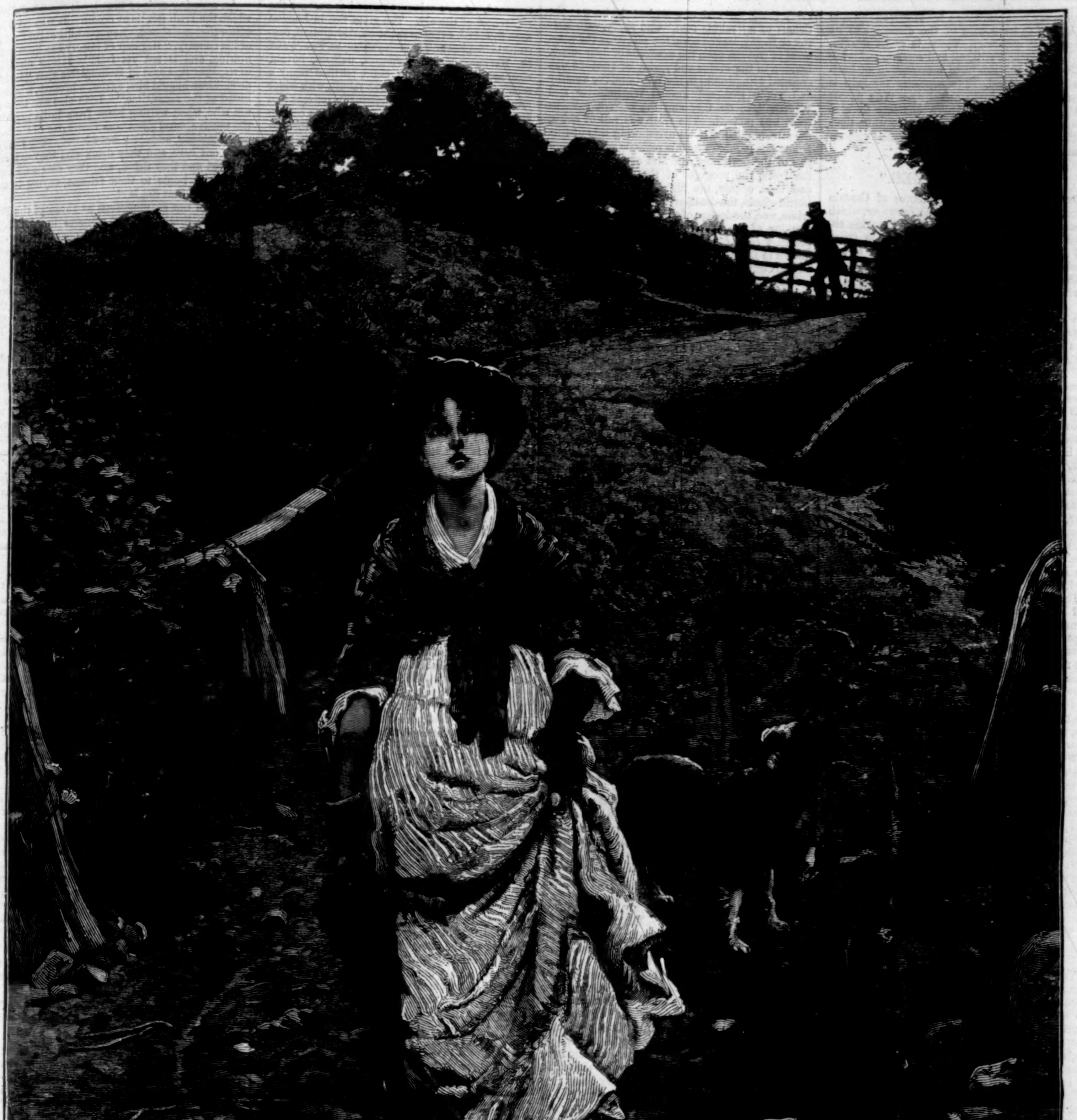
BOW VIEW
SHOWING TORPEDO CHAMBER CLOSED



TORPEDO CHAMBER OPEN.



"THE DESTROYER"—CAPTAIN ERICSSON'S NEW TORPEDO-BOAT.—Drawn by C. A. Keetel.—[See Page 850.]



"A LOVERS' TIFF."—[From the Painting by F. E. Cox.]

GIFTS FOR THE FEVER-STRICKEN.

The collection of clothing for the sufferers in the fever-stricken districts of the South was begun on the 9th inst., under the direction of a committee working in co-operation with the Young Men's Christian Association, from whose building, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, empty wagons and trucks were moving, to return in a few hours heavily loaded with bundles of clothing and bedding. The vehicles were in number about thirty, furnished by A. T. Stewart & Co., E. S. Jaffray & Co., Adams Express Company, Herring & Co., F. W. Devoe & Co., Halstead, Haines, & Co., Lang & Robinson, A. S. Barnes & Co., and other firms. American District Telegraph boys were sent half a block in advance of the wagons to the houses which the committee intended to visit, for the purpose of giving timely notice, in order that there might be no delay when the wagons arrived. Each wagon was in charge of a member of the committee, and two or more aids. The city was very thoroughly canvassed in the cross streets from Fourth to Thirty-fourth streets. The collectors always exhibited their credentials, signed and sealed, authorizing them to receive the goods. The contributions were first taken to the Twenty-third Street head-quarters, and thence to the office of Angell & Co., whence they were shipped South.

The contributions on the first day amounted to about 4500 cubic feet of miscellaneous articles, collected from door to door. A. T. Stewart & Co. contributed 2000 garments. The piles of articles collected in the room in the Association Building presented a curious sight. There were blankets, bedding, mattresses, worsted shawls, clothing, shoes, boots, felt hats, straw hats, high hats, and low hats. Every body worked with beaming smiles, and the committee-men had their hands full, collecting, receiving, and arranging. Great enthusiasm was manifested in giving, and many touching as well as pathetic incidents were witnessed as the wagons went their rounds. The poor gave as freely as the rich, according to their means. As one of the wagons was passing through Ninth Street, shouts were heard behind it, and the committee-men, looking back, saw a little man frantically waving a bifurcated garment, and running with all his might. It appeared that he had seen the wagon pass, and had learned its mission. Thereupon he bethought him of an old pair of trousers that had been much sat upon, and straightway fell to putting a patch over the hole. One poor old lady, first assuring herself by a close scrutiny of the credentials that she was not being cheated, brought forth one old Balmoral skirt, which she said was all she had to give, but that it went with her whole heart. The latest official reports from the fever districts say that more than nine thousand people are known to have died of the disease, and its ravages still continue. There is great destitution in cities and villages, and terrible suffering results from the complete interruption of business of every kind. The necessity for help is urgent, to avoid worse calamities. The people of the North do not require entreaty to give freely, and they will not cease to give while their Southern brethren need their sympathy and assistance.

THE "DESTROYER."

On page 848 we give a picture of Captain Ericsson's new torpedo boat, the *Destroyer*, which is said to be one of the most efficient marine engines of destruction now afloat. Both in speed and strength it is believed to be superior to any previous invention of this class. It is very sharp at the bow, and the curves are so calculated as to afford the least possible resistance to the water. The vessel is built of armor plate, and the ribs are finished in angle-iron. In every way it is strengthened to bear the strain of the tremendous motive power which will be required to drive it through the water. From bow to stern the *Destroyer* measures 130 feet, with 12 feet beam at the broadest part, which is near the bows.

When all her machinery is in, the *Destroyer* will show about twenty inches of her hull above water, and she will be in proper trim for action. An iron water-tight deck covers the hold, and on going into action the hatches will be battened securely down, making the hull absolutely impervious to water. The buoyant qualities of the vessel are said to be as perfect as those of a lifeboat, and as the only vulnerable part is the iron-framed house for officers on the main-deck, which might be riddled with shot without injury to the machinery or the hull, Captain Ericsson believes the *Destroyer* will be able to approach the heaviest iron-clad with impunity.

The engine is small, of peculiar construction, and very powerful. The steam-boilers are immense in proportion to the size of the vessel, and Captain Ericsson believes the *Destroyer* can be driven through the water at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The screw blades are a little more curved than is usual, and the rudder, as shown in our cut, is attached to the keel, and is moved by pneumatic pressure. A "look-out" at the bow, too small to be represented in our drawing, enables the officer in charge to give directions for steering when the vessel is in action.

When a torpedo is to be discharged from the boat, a water-tight valve at the inner end of the torpedo-tube is opened, and the destructive engine, loaded with dynamite, is placed in position. The outer valve is then opened, and the inner one closed. The torpedo is discharged at the proper moment by means of compressed air, exerting a pressure of 250 pounds to the square inch. As soon as the torpedo leaves the tube the outer valve is closed, and the water that has been admitted is allowed to run into the hold, whence it is removed by the bilge-pumps.

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON.

The great plague of London in 1665 forms a climax in the history of diseases. It seemed to spend its fury in one fierce effort. It was to come no more. Centuries have passed, and still the fatal scourge that raged without a limit, without resistance, almost to the destruction of the population of a vast capital, has wholly vanished before some inscrutable law, some change of habits, improvement in morals and manners. Often before 1665 it had prevailed in London and England almost with Oriental severity, and had slowly made its way over Western Europe, devouring a generation in its passage. It began usually in Egypt and Syria, reached Constantinople, overran the Continent, desolated Amsterdam and Paris, covered England with dismay. It is curious to notice how all these violent and loathsome diseases are born and nourished in the East, ride slowly westward, decimate, destroy, are the poisonous gifts of a decaying civilization. The Black Death in 1348 is the most fearful of all. It came from the East over mediæval Europe, slaying whole cities full of people, laying waste and silent the open country, knocking at the cottage and the palace gate. The human race, in the words of the chroniclers, seemed about to disappear; cities as large as New Orleans were nearly deserted; districts of fertile country fairer than Mississippi were tenanted once more by wild beasts. Half the people of Europe, it was estimated, died. It was as if two hundred thousand of the inhabitants of Boston had perished in a few months, half a million in New York. We have nothing in modern times to approach the violence of these ancient plagues: men have multiplied, disease diminishes. It is not difficult to fancy the horror that settled upon the survivors, the terrors of the lonely cities, the forsaken streets, the depopulated, desolate country; the sudden outbreaks of fierce religious madness that often followed; the flagellants, white penitents, fanatics, contrition, despair; or the wild revelry that sometimes sprung up in its midst, the shouts of riotous merriment mingling with groans and tears.

It was a plague of this kind that came upon London in 1665, so fearful that it could only seem a judgment from above. So it appeared to the rigid Puritans and republicans who five years before had welcomed back Charles II. and his Cavaliers with dissembled gladness, with a compromise with evil they could never atone for. London had been a Puritan city, strict in outward morals, rigid in doctrine, industrious, gloomy; the return of the Cavaliers had filled it with foreign vices, frivolous lightness, gross impurity. The king had brought with him a gay, mad, miserable train; every thing rational was neglected; he was the Comus of a "rabble rout," and many, with Milton or Defoe, looked upon the plague as the judgment of Heaven upon the misdeeds of their rulers. London in the winter and spring of 1664–65 was crowded with people; in the West End the wealthy and noble gathered around Westminster and Whitehall, in the City and the eastern suburbs trade had revived. The river was full of ships, the streets filled with an overflowing tide of life. Defoe has painted with his realistic pen the slow rise of the pestilence, the first alarm, the hopes, the fears, the progress of the scourge secretly and then openly, the flight of the citizens, the horrid gloom, the death-cries, the yawning graves, crime, woe, the decline of the pestilence, the boundless joy of the survivors, the return of the impenitent court. For a long time it had been known in London that the plague had been raging on the Continent, brought from the East by some unlucky trader; but in the winter of 1664 only a few cases had been noticed in the capital, yet these were enough to excite a deep anxiety. Men watched the reports of the deaths in the different parishes eagerly. "We had no such thing as printed newspapers in those days," says Defoe,[1] "to spread rumors and reports of things, and improve them." But the rumor of the approach of the disease had already reached London. In November two men, said to be Frenchmen, died in Drury Lane; the physicians declared they had died of plague; and the weekly bill of mortality was printed: "*Plague*, 2; *Parishes infected*, 1." Another died in December. For six weeks no other death occurred; then in February one happened. It was noticed, however, that the number of deaths around St. Giles's had greatly increased; it was whispered that the plague was there, and few cared to venture through Drury Lane. But the winter came on sharp and bleak, and seemed to kill the disease, as if it could only flourish in the hot air of summer. It disappeared wholly. It revived in May—a cool, pleasant month; it lingered in the filth and squalor of St. Giles's, and in June broke into fearful activity. The pestilence had come; the citizens who were able closed their houses, shops, and fled. The court had gone to Oxford; for weeks the streets were filled with throngs of people moving to the country on horseback, on foot, carrying their furniture, goods, wares, the rich and poor mingled in a common calamity.

But many were forced to stay, and on these the pestilence fell with almost unaccountable fury. The hot weather of July roused it to virulence; in August it was fearful; in September the horrors told of it surpass belief. It first appeared with a tumor on the breast or under the arm, hard, painful, horrible—the plague-spot. The physicians when they saw the fearful omen would cry, "Lift up your eyes to God!" In a few hours it was fatal. Sometimes the patients sank under a raging fever, headache; sometimes faded away in a swift decline, almost painless; some seemed to die of fright; some hanged themselves to escape it; some were seized in the streets, and died before they could reach their own doors. In September 8000 persons died weekly, and 60,000, it was believed, were infected. The Lord Mayor of the city, his sheriffs and aldermen, remained bravely at their post; they did all that man could do. They ordered, when too late, the streets to be purified; funerals—or rather burials—were only to be performed at night; there was to be no tolling of bells, no outward ceremonial. But at night the fatal cart began its rounds, and at every infected house the cry was heard: "Bring out your dead!" They were thrown together in huge piles; in the church-yards deep pits were dug, and here by the gleam of torches the bodies were thrown in and lightly covered with earth. Every house that was infected was isolated; a watchman stood at the entrance; no one was suffered to go in or out except the physician; upon the door was placed a large red cross inscribed: "Lord have mercy on us." They might well cry for mercy. The air seemed tainted; grass grew in once crowded streets; the trade of the great capital was lost; the ships hung idly in the Thames; the miserable poor died by thousands, and saved the city from the cost of feeding them, which it never had failed to do. The recreant king and court might fly from the scene of duty, but the city officials showed no trace of fear. The Mayor was constantly in the streets; even the constables and watchmen were seldom at rest; many of them died. Day and night at last, an observer relates, the labor of burial went on. Sancroft, dean of St. Paul's, had fled to Tunbridge; his canons remained, and some of their letters to the dean still exist—the cry of utter despair.

Whole streets of houses were shut up and abandoned; men fled from each other when they met; the money paid to the butcher or baker was fumigated; thieves wandered through the deserted shops and dwellings, and sometimes died there. Fearful tales were told of nurses who smothered and robbed their patients; of deeds of horror that were never punished; of the infected who ran shrieking through the streets, and fell dead; of homes where all had died together. August, September, passed on with ever-growing horrors; in November the colder weather seemed to check the disease, and many who came back too hastily were infected and died. At last, in December, the great deliverance came; the pestilence had ceased. A wild, a fearful, joy spread over the afflicted city; its people came back once more to the desolate scene, maddened with a strange exhilaration. Those who survived were crazed with the joy of living. Once more the great city was thronged with the rich, busy, gay; the court and king came back; a rigid law was passed to punish Dissenters; the revels and crimes of Whitehall began again; but nothing was done by court or king to prevent the return of that awful scourge that had so recently passed away. A mightier power intervened. A new calamity seemed to prevent the recurrence of the old. The great fire in London soon followed, swept over the tainted ground, consumed churches and church-yards—St. Paul's and St. Mary's—shops, warehouses, palaces, hovels, cleansed many a narrow close, purified many a scene of horror. The city was rebuilt with wider streets, better buildings. Perhaps its citizens had learned neatness and propriety; but it is certain that the plague never came again, and that by the labors of modern science the vast capital has been made one of the healthiest and most fortunate of cities.

Let us study the science of health. Let us have a sanitary party, a league for sanitary improvement. The plagues that desolated the world in the Middle Ages were the result in great part of ignorance; they have been nearly driven back to their Eastern source. The pest that ravaged London still haunts the Levant; the cholera is seldom absent from Hindostan. The Black Death, if we are indolent, may come again. Happily the laws of health have been taught in the family, the school. Education has baffled disease in all civilized countries, and checked at least its fiercest forms. But in our New World cities we have sometimes forgotten the lesson of the past. We have trusted too much to our pure skies, limpid streams, brilliant suns, or biting frost. The laws of health disobeyed in New Orleans have made it the scene of constantly recurring disease. From New Orleans the pest is conveyed to the neglected towns and villages of the North. Who can tell how far it may spread in the future, what new scenes it may visit? Let us at least elect mayors and aldermen in our cities who will study and enforce the laws of public health, who have sufficient intelligence to avert calamity, whose ignorance will not bring upon us at last a pest equal to that of London in 1665, of New Orleans or Vicksburg. Eugene Lawrence.

DROLL BLUNDERS.

By the insertion of one letter in place of another, a newspaper, not long since, reporting the danger that an express train had run in consequence of a cow getting upon the line, said, "As the safest way, the engineer put on full steam, dashed up against the cow, and literally cut it into *calves!*"

A Scotch newspaper, reporting the speeches at a Scott centenary meeting, made one of the orators exclaim, with more truth than accuracy:

> "O Caledonia! stern and wild,
> *Wet*-nurse for a poetic child!"

Never perhaps was the word "austere" more misconstrued than in the instance of a clergyman in Lancashire who got a wholesome warning in regard to pulpit articulation by discovering in one house which he visited, the day after preaching from Luke, xix. 21, that the servant had gone home with the impression that his text had been: "I feared thee, because thou art an *oyster* man!"

A Hampshire incumbent recently reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette* some of the blunders he had heard made in the marriage service by that class of persons who have to pick up the words as best they can from hearing them repeated by others. He said that in his own parish it was quite the fashion for the man, when giving the ring, to say to the woman, "With my body I thee wash up, and with all my hurdle goods I thee and thou." He said the women were generally better up in this part of the service than the men. One day, however, a bride startled him by promising, in what she supposed to be the language of the Prayer-book, to take her husband, "to 'ave and to 'old from this day fortni't for betterer horse, for richerer power, in siggerness health, to love cherries, and to bay." What meaning this extraordinary vow conveyed to her own mind the incumbent said it baffled him to conjecture.

The stories told of the blunders made by Oxford and Cambridge under-graduates in the Scripture examination are almost incredible. One of these, when asked who was the first King of Israel, was so fortunate as to stumble upon the name of "Saul." He saw that he had hit the mark, and wishing to show the examiners how intimate his knowledge of the Scriptures was, added, confidentially, "Saul, also called Paul." Another was asked to give the parable of the good Samaritan. He did so with tolerable accuracy till he came to the place where the Samaritan says to the innkeeper, "When I come again I will repay thee." Here the unlucky examinee added: "This he said, knowing that he should see his face no more."

A ludicrous story is told of a bailie whose studies in natural history seem to have been rather limited. The following case came before him one day: A man who kept a ferret, having to go into the country, left the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbor till he should return. The neighbor incautiously opened the cage door, and the ferret escaped. The owner was very angry, and brought a claim against his neighbor for damages. The following was the decision of the learned bailie: "Nae doot," he said to the man who had been left in charge, "ye was wrang to open the cage door; but," he added, turning to the other, "ye was wrang too. For why did ye no clip the brute's wings?"

By the bad arrangement of clauses in composition ludicrous blunders are sometimes made. A Wisconsin paper announced that the Board of Education had "resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high." In an English paper an advertisement appeared, under the heading of "To Let," of "a house for a family in good repair." *Punch* noted this, and conjectured that "a family in good repair" must mean one in which none of the members were cracked. "The brooches would have been sent before, but have been unwell," was a note of apology sent to Dean Alford by his jeweller; and "Two sisters want washing" was an advertisement which appeared in the Manchester *Guardian*.

An amusing style of blunder is the "bull," for which the Irish get most credit. It was an Irish editor that exclaimed, when speaking of the wrongs of his country, "Her cup of misery has been overflowing, and is not yet full!" It was an Irish newspaper that said of Robespierre that "he left no children behind him, except a brother, who was killed at the same time." Irish also was the cornet who, when writing home from India praising the much-abused climate as really one of the best under the sun, added: "But a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they eat, and they eat and they drink, and they die; and then they write home to their friends, saying it was the climate that did it!"

Though not so numerous as those of the Emerald Isle, Scotland is not without its specimens of this kind of blunder. Two operatives in one of the border towns were heard disputing about a new cemetery, beside the elegant railing of which they were standing. One of them, evidently disliking the Continental fashion in which it was being laid out, said, in disgust: "I'd rather dee than be buried in sic a place." "Weel, it's the verra reverse wi' me," said the other; "for I'll be buried naewhere else, if I'm spared."

A clergyman walking one day in the country fell into thought. He was so accustomed to ride that when he found himself at a toll he stopped and shouted to the man, "Here! what's to pay?" "Pay for what?" asked the man. "For my horse," said the clergyman. "What horse? There's no horse, Sir!" "Bless me!" exclaimed the clergyman, looking down between his legs, "I thought I was on horseback!"

Sydney Smith was not in general absent-minded, but he says that once, when calling on a friend in London, and being asked by the servant, "Who shall I say has called?" he could not for the life of him recollect his own name, and stared in blank confusion at the man for some time before it came back to him.

The first Lord Lyttleton was very absent. It is declared of him that when he fell into the river by the upsetting of a boat at Hagley, "he sank twice before he recollected that he could swim."

Some blunders arise from misapprehension. A bishop of Oxford sent round to the church-wardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, including the question, "Does your officiating clergyman preach the Gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?" The church-warden of Wallingford replied: "He preaches the Gospel, but does not keep a carriage."

A doctor who had one day allowed himself to drink too much was sent for to see a fashionable lady who was ailing. He sat down by the bedside, took out his watch, and began to count her pulse as well as his obfuscated condition would permit. He counted: "One, two, three." Then he got confused, and began again: "One, two, three, four." Still confused, he began again: "One, two." No; he could not do it. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he shut up his watch, muttering, "Tipsy, I declare—tipsy!" Staggering to his feet, he told the lady to keep her bed, and take some hot lemonade to throw her into a perspiration, and he would see her next day. In the morning he received the following note from the lady, marked "Private:"

"Dear Doctor,—You were right. I dare not deny it. But I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and will be more careful for the future. Please accept the inclosed fee for your visit" (a ten-pound note), "and do not, I entreat of you, breathe a word about the state in which you found me."

The lady, in fact, had herself been drinking too much, and catching the doctor's murmured words, thought they referred to her. He was too far gone to see what was the matter with his patient, and she too far to observe that the doctor was in the same condition!

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 27.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 28.—St. Simon and St. Jude.

The completion of one of the revisions of the New Testament by the American company, and their entrance upon the final portion of their work, have recalled public attention to its magnitude. The association of American with English scholars therein, and the harmony with which they have carried forward their joint labors, promise a general adoption of the new Bible throughout the English-speaking world. The need of revision has been felt by scholars for a long period, and was presented in the "Editor's Table" of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* twenty years ago; but the present movement dates from 1870, when a revising committee was appointed by the Convocation of Canterbury. The American committee was constituted in 1872. There are in the two committees eighty-two members. The principles followed in prosecuting their task are: (1) the introduction of as few alterations as possible; (2) the making of these alterations, as far as practicable, in the language of the earlier English versions; (3) the revision to be made twice by each company; (4) the text to be determined in every instance by the preponderance of authorities; (5) no change to be made, in the final revision, except by the consent of two-thirds of the revisers present; (6) the revision to extend to headings of chapters, italics, punctuation, etc. The English and American companies transmit their work to each other for examination. Each goes over what the other has done. Differences remaining at the end will be settled by committees of conference.

To say nothing of the advantages possessed by scholars of our century for the formation of a satisfactory text—advantages far greater than were within the reach of the eminent men who gave us King James's Bible—the removal of obsolete words and the improvement of infelicitous renderings will enure greatly to the profit of ordinary readers. Such words as "earing" (ploughing), "leasing" (lying), "ravin" (plunder), "ouches" (sockets), are unintelligible to the popular mind. Many words which are still used have changed in meaning in the course of over 200 years. It is expected that the revised New Testament will be ready in 1880. If the judicious principles adopted by the revisers shall then appear to have been carefully followed, their book will speedily obtain the acceptance and authority of a standard.

---

[1] He forgot the *Weekly News*.

Mr. John B. Gough's first speech in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle was greeted with great enthusiasm. It was said of the people present that "from top to bottom they filled up the enormous building; nowhere was there a seat to spare, scarcely was there standing room. The speech was an entire success." "It might be," says the report, "that the hair was grayer, and the voice a trifle more husky, but in all other respects it seemed that the man was the same, or, if changed, changed for the better—more filled with his theme, more vehement in his reasoning, more impassioned in his address, more earnest in his endeavor to arouse the conscience and to touch the heart." Twenty-five years have elapsed since Mr. Gough's former visit to England as an advocate of temperance.

Archbishop Trench has in a recent address spoken in high terms of the American and Colonial bishops who were present at the recently held Lambeth Conference. Among the rest he said: "In regard of the American and Colonial bishops, in regard of all those who thus came from distant portions of the Church, nothing struck me so much as what I must call the mental, moral, and spiritual altitude of nearly all among them. And meeting them in friendly debate or in social intercourse, one thought which arose, and which I have continually in my mind, was this: Shall we in Ireland be able to put forward as certainly as the Church in America has done—shall we be able to put forward our best men in the foremost places?"

More than one hundred ministers have signed the call for the "Conference of Believers in the pre-Millennial Advent of Christ," already noticed in this Intelligence. Among the signers are Bishop T. H. Vail, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; the venerable Dr. S. H. Tyng and his son the Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jun.; Dr. Lorimer (Baptist), of Boston; Dr. Rufus W. Clarke (Reformed), of Albany; Dr. Seiss (Lutheran), of Philadelphia; Dr. Goodwin (Congregational), of Chicago; Professors Kellogg and Cooper, of the Alleghany Seminary, Pennsylvania; and Messrs. Pentecost, Whittle, and other well-known evangelists. The Conference will open Wednesday, October 30, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York. Papers will be read on twelve topics; among them are: "Christ's Coming: is it pre-Millennial?" "The First Resurrection;" "History of the Doctrine of the pre-Millennial Coming of Christ;" "The Coming of the Lord in its Relation to Christian Doctrine," etc.

The expectation of the pre-millennial advent of Christ has found advocates and opponents from the earliest ages of the Christian Church's history. While in its favor it could claim the great names of Irenæus and Tertullian, it received no quarter from Origen, and was combated by Augustine. In the last century the learned Bengel gave a new interest to the subject by his speculations concerning the nearness of the coming of Christ and the end of the world.

The next annual meeting of the Board of American Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be held in Syracuse, New York. At the recent meeting in Milwaukee 66 corporate and 151 honorary members of the Board were in attendance. Hospitable entertainment was given to 1500 persons by the citizens. Dr. Mark Hopkins, who presided, though in his seventy-seventh year, performed the duties of his position with all the vigor for which he has long been remarkable. In making up the accounts it was found that the item of legacies had risen from $80,000 for the year preceding to $104,000 for the year just closed.

The union of the Presbyterians of Canada in one body enables them to present a strong aggregate of numbers in their annual statistics. The General Assembly minutes for this year show 4 Synods, 33 Presbyteries, 618 ministers, 747 pastoral charges, 75,000 families, 125,000 communicants, $1,000,000 raised for congregational, and $1,300,000 raised for all purposes.

The statistics of drunkenness in Great Britain from 1851 to 1876 show an increase of that vice, and justify the alarm now prevalent in regard to the moral state of the working classes. In England 70,097 were taken into custody during 1851 for being drunk; in 1876 the number had risen to 104,174. In Ireland the towns give the following examples: Belfast—arrests for drunkenness in 1851, 345; in 1876, 2818. Cork—1851, 635; 1876, 1214. In Dublin, in 1876, the arrests for this cause were 2427. In Scotland the arrests in 1876 were 51,630; in Glasgow alone 10,967 women were during that year arrested for being drunk.

The Baptists of the State of New York hold their State Missionary Convention this year in Binghamton on October 23. The topics to be discussed are very practical, such as "Pastors and Churches: their Obligations to each other in Hard Times," and "The Growing License in Interpreting God's Revealed Truth." On Thursday, the 24th, a Sunday-school Convention will be held. The Pastoral Conference will take place Tuesday, October 22, when the sermon will be delivered by the Rev. E. J. Haynes, of Brooklyn.

Mr. Moody has definitely determined to spend the coming winter in rest. He has rented a house in Baltimore, and has gone to that city with his family.

The Council of the British Evangelical Alliance has published its programme for the week of prayer (January 5-12, 1879). It will no doubt be adopted by the other branches of the Evangelical Alliance in English-speaking countries.

President Tenney, of Colorado College, has published a useful map, in which he shows 1948 towns of the Western States where graduates of Western Christian colleges have performed ministerial duty in the home mission service. They were commissioned by a single association—the American Home Missionary Society. Many other churches have been built up in the West by graduates of Eastern colleges. The facts show that all over the country the nurture of feeble churches is largely in the hands of the young men who go out of our colleges. This work must be repeated in Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, California, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, covering about one-third of the entire territory of the United States.

The Methodists of Ireland are inclined to remodel their administrative system after the pattern of Methodism in the United States. They are now considering the introduction of the presiding eldership, which gives a quasi-episcopal supervision of the churches. Hitherto in Ireland, as in England, the Wesleyans have had supervisory work done by chairmen of districts, who were also circuit preachers. The American system, if adopted in Ireland, will be tried with a view to the gaining of more administrative energy.

Messrs. Pentecost and Stebbins, the evangelists, are holding services this month (October) in Association Hall and the Chambers Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. Mr. Sankey has recently sailed for London, where he will spend the winter.

The great Council of Berne has made a decision in relation to the possession of parish churches claimed both by Catholics and Old Catholics which is likely to be of importance hereafter. "Church goods," says this decree, "have the character of communal property; they belong to the totality of the parish, and therefore they must be regarded as indivisible. The churches and church goods belong neither to the Old Catholics nor to the Roman Catholics, but to the church congregations of the parishes in question. To these congregations alone does it belong to declare what form of *cultus* shall be introduced." This is broad and liberal ground; it is the ground taken by English Dissenters with regard to the property of the Establishment.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

About the last of May, 1877, the first wire of the Brooklyn Bridge was stretched across the East River; and the seventy-sixth and last strand of wire of which the four main cables are composed was laid in position about the end of last September. Nearly 3400 tons of wire have been used in constructing these cables, which, as many of our readers will remember, are each composed of nineteen strands, each strand consisting of about 280 wires. Crucible steel is the material of which these wires are made, and each wire, after being galvanized, has been subjected to a severe test of strength and ductility. The wire-stretching is now finished, and the task which follows, and which is now in progress, is the wrapping of the cables with galvanized iron wire from end to end—a work which will demand something like 200 tons of wire. The cables will afterward be saturated with oil, and then receive a thick coating of paint, thus being made perfectly water-proof. The preparation of the approaches of the bridge, both on the New York and on the Brooklyn side, has been rapidly advancing. Some delay has resulted to the work in general this fall in consequence of the lack of expected appropriations, but the progress has been upon the whole bridge as rapid as was anticipated by the engineers, and even more satisfactory.

October, always one of the most charming of all the twelve months, has been unusually mild and delightful. Its perfect days and nights of refreshing coolness are full of comfort and pleasure in this latitude. We would naturally long for many weeks of such soft and mellow sunshine and such brilliant landscape views. But at the South the continued mild weather gives strength to the scourge, which will only be killed by the earnestly desired frosts. In many cities and in various sections of country the fever is steadily and constantly doing its deadly work. Still the cry for help comes from every quarter. Even in those places where there has been a great abatement in the disease the suffering is extreme from the natural sequences of such a long-protracted and violent epidemic.

More than thirty dishonest tradesmen were recently brought before the police tribunal in Paris upon various charges, such as cheating in weight, watering milk, selling articles of poor quality, adulterating articles, etc. They received the just reward of their deeds, some of them being fined, others both fined and imprisoned.

"Pieces of Cleopatra's Needle are now being sold in the London streets. They find ready purchasers," remarks the *Court Journal*, "among country cousins and American visitors. The specimens are very good specimens in their way, but there is one drawback about them—they don't happen to be pieces of the Needle at all. Up to the present time it is reported that about fifteen tons of stone have been thus sold by the ounce."

It seems singular that so many summer hotels are destroyed by fire after the "season" has passed. The Gregory House, at Lake Mahopac, was recently burned to the ground. The accounts of the disaster certainly indicate that it was the work of an incendiary. Those in charge of the house had taken up their quarters in the southern part of the building, the rest of the hotel being closed. Late one evening the watchdog gave an alarm, but nothing could be found to cause it. But about an hour after midnight the family was aroused by dense smoke, and barely escaped suffocation. It is said there had been no fire in that part of the house for ten days.

A six-days' walking match at Gilmore's Garden has recently awakened much interest among the sporting community. The contestants were Daniel O'Leary and John Hughes. The former won the victory with apparent ease, being ninety-three miles ahead of his rival at the end of the time.

For the coming six weeks the Academy of Design will present unusual attractions. The Society of Decorative Art has collected rare tapestries, paintings, potteries, porcelains, antique gems, etc., making a display at once interesting and instructive. In addition to the exhibit there is to be a series of lectures upon different branches of art by gentlemen each one of whom has special fitness to instruct upon the theme allotted to him. The first lecture, on "Egyptian Art," will be given by Charles Dudley Warner; then will follow lectures on "Japanese Art," by William E. Griffis; "Ancient Art," by General Di Cesnola; "Tapestries," by John N. Hayes; "Potteries," by William C. Prime; and "American Art in the Future," by Charles C. Perkins.

A too frequent episode in New York city is the frantic racing of a wild steer through thoroughfares crowded with men, women, and children. Not long ago a scene of the wildest confusion was witnessed in Lexington, Madison, and Fifth avenues. An infuriated beast escaped from his keepers, rushing from side to side of the streets, and causing the greatest terror among pedestrians. It is only wonderful that scores of helpless children and unconscious pedestrians were not injured or killed.

The Memphis *Appeal* contains the following incident:

"Persons not now in the city can never realize the sorrows and pressure of duties resting upon the few who have remained during the epidemic. Let this case illustrate many, and indicate something of our condition. On Thursday the son of a pastor of one of our churches, numbering four hundred, was buried. The son himself had many friends. Who attended that funeral? The parents themselves just from a yellow fever bed, and two nurses of the son—one an Italian and the other a negro. These four and no others. Not a member of that pastor's church, not a citizen, could be spared for an hour to go with him and his heart-broken wife to the grave of their son. This was not from any want of friendship, sympathy, or affection on the part of thousands who know the family; it simply shows into what fearful necessities and sorrows this pestilence has brought us."

A Boston lady has two tame lions about two and a half years old, which have been brought up as household pets from birth. Until lately they have roamed around her house as freely as dogs; but when the city authorities requested that they should be somewhat restrained, she put them into a room back of the parlor, although its grated door was often open. At the call of their mistress the lions come to her, and perform many little tricks. She is not in the least afraid of them, and evidently has no apprehension that their nature will show itself in any unpleasant or dangerous ways.

At Brussels the annual exhibition of the Belgian fine arts was recently opened in the presence of the King and Queen of the Belgians. The exhibition is held in the great building on the Boulevard du Midi, as the permanent exhibition hall is now in course of construction, and will not be completed before 1880.

Belgium has a population of about five millions, and is one of the most enterprising countries of Europe. The markets of London and Paris are benefited by the products of its rich fields, and exports of various kinds are sent in large quantities to foreign countries. Recently a line of steamers, ten in number, has been established between Antwerp and Canada, which is liberally compensated by the government for carrying the mail, and for the extension to commerce which it gives.

Twelve days without food involves an amount of suffering which none can imagine who have not had some personal experience in *starving*. Not long ago the steamer *City of Chester* came into this port, and in due time the hatches were opened to allow the freight to be unloaded. In an open space, walled in by freight boxes, and beneath the main hatchway, was found the living skeleton of a man. Livid and emaciated, he looked like a corpse; but the fresh air rushing into the dungeon revived him, and he uttered a pitiful exclamation. But he again became insensible, and seemed likely to die at any moment. Restoratives were cautiously administered, and when at length he was partially revived, he gave information that he was from Scotland, had gone aboard before the ship sailed from her English port, and while intoxicated had gone into the hold, fallen asleep beneath the hatch, and was fastened in there. He had a bottle of whiskey in his pocket, but no food, and the sufferings he endured were dreadful. After about five days he lost consciousness. The voyage lasted eleven days, and he had entered the hold the day before the ship sailed. Notwithstanding the precarious condition to which he was reduced, he has a chance of recovery.

During "dog-days," as statistics reveal, no less than 6783 dogs were captured in this city, 6080 of which were drowned. Of the remainder some were released, others sold, and some yet remain in the pound awaiting a proper disposition.

Some sufferer parodies the beautiful poem of Bryant as follows:

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
When men run bills all over town,
Then swiftly 'disappear.'"

Lord Dufferin has proposed to the Governor of New York that the land around Niagara Falls be purchased by the governments of New York and Canada, and made into a public international park, in which the picturesque conditions of nature be carefully retained. Some plan by which the beauties of Niagara may be more freely enjoyed by the general public would certainly be appreciated by all lovers of nature.

In a recently published *History of the Gypsies*, it is stated that the estimated number of gypsies in the British Isles alone is at least 250,000. In Europe and America together there can not be less than 4,000,000. These are of various castes, colors, and culture, and differ much in character and occupation.

It is hoped by the English people that the agricultural fair proposed to be held in Great Britain in 1879 will have the effect to awaken an interest in agriculture. Very nearly one-half of the population of the United Kingdom depends for sustenance on imported food.

The instinct of dogs is well known to be remarkable, but a very extraordinary instance of this is related in the Dundee *Advertiser*. A gentleman was about to step into a ferry-boat to cross the river, when a large retriever rushed upon him, caught his trousers with its teeth, at the same time keeping up a constant howl. After considerable difficulty the gentleman released himself, but by that time the ferry-boat had started. He naturally felt much annoyed at being prevented from crossing, but his feelings were changed when, a minute later, he saw the ferry-boat run down by a steamer which had approached without noticing the boat. The passengers were thrown into the water, but fortunately all were saved. While thinking of the singular means by which he had escaped the accident, the gentleman noticed that the dog followed closely at his heels. He tried every means to get rid of it during the day, but in the afternoon the animal was still following him, and he was obliged to take it home with him. The dog has now been installed as watchman of the house, and shows great attachment to the gentleman and his family.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Norwich tenant has been importuned so frequently for his rent that in a climax of exasperation, the other day, he turned on the landlord with the cogent and conclusive retort: "Now you needn't put on so many airs, old man. Why, I owe enough in this town to buy up all your old houses."

A Yankee auctioneer lately indulged in the following little bit of the pathetic: "Gentlemen, if my father and mother stood where you do, and didn't buy these boots—these elegant boots—when they were going for one dollar, I should feel it my duty as a son to tell both of 'em that they were false to themselves and false to their country."

Because a tailor sits on his own feet, does it follow that he is a cornseated man?

Customer (*in quest of a particular brand of cigar*). "Are those these?"
Dealer (*affably*). "Yes, Sir, these are those."

"Speaking of the dead languages, professor," inquired the new student, "who killed them?"

The compositor who made it read, "In the midst of life we are in debt," wasn't much out of the way.

Lady. "And how long have you been out of place?"
Lady Help (*indignant at "out of place"*). "I have been *malapropos* only a few weeks, madam."

There is no disgrace in being poor—the thing is to keep it quiet, and not let your neighbors know any thing about it.

It was in Chicago. The lady was leaning on the arm of an elegant and wealthy young man, and leading her little daughter by the hand, when suddenly the child cried: "Oh, ma! ma! look there! See that gentleman that's passing. Don't you know him?" "N—no, my child." "Why, mamma, he was pa last year."

The Chinese Encyclopedia meets a long-felt want, and no family should be without it. It is published at Pekin, in 5020 volumes, and at the price of $7500 is the same as given away. "Get the best."

There is a lawyer down East so excessively honest that he puts all his flower-pots out overnight, so determined is he that every thing shall have its dew.

"Will you settle that old account of yours this morning?" said a colonist. "No, Sir; you are mistaken in the man; I am not one of the old settlers."

A Western editor thus kindly alludes to a contemporary: "He is young yet, but he can sit at his desk and brush cobwebs from the ceiling with his ears."

"I am going to Alaska," said a gentleman to his friend. "Indeed!" remarked the friend, "and does your wife approve of it?" "Don't know," replied the other, "but Alaska."

The gang of burglars who work for seven straight hours to hammer a safe to pieces to secure fourteen cents know how a country minister feels next day after a donation visit.

Who was the author of that little poem beginning:

"'Tis sweet to love, but oh! how bitter
To love a girl and then not git her?"

In England you will sometimes stumble upon fortified places where you least expect them. For instance, Westminster Abbey has no less than twelve canons.

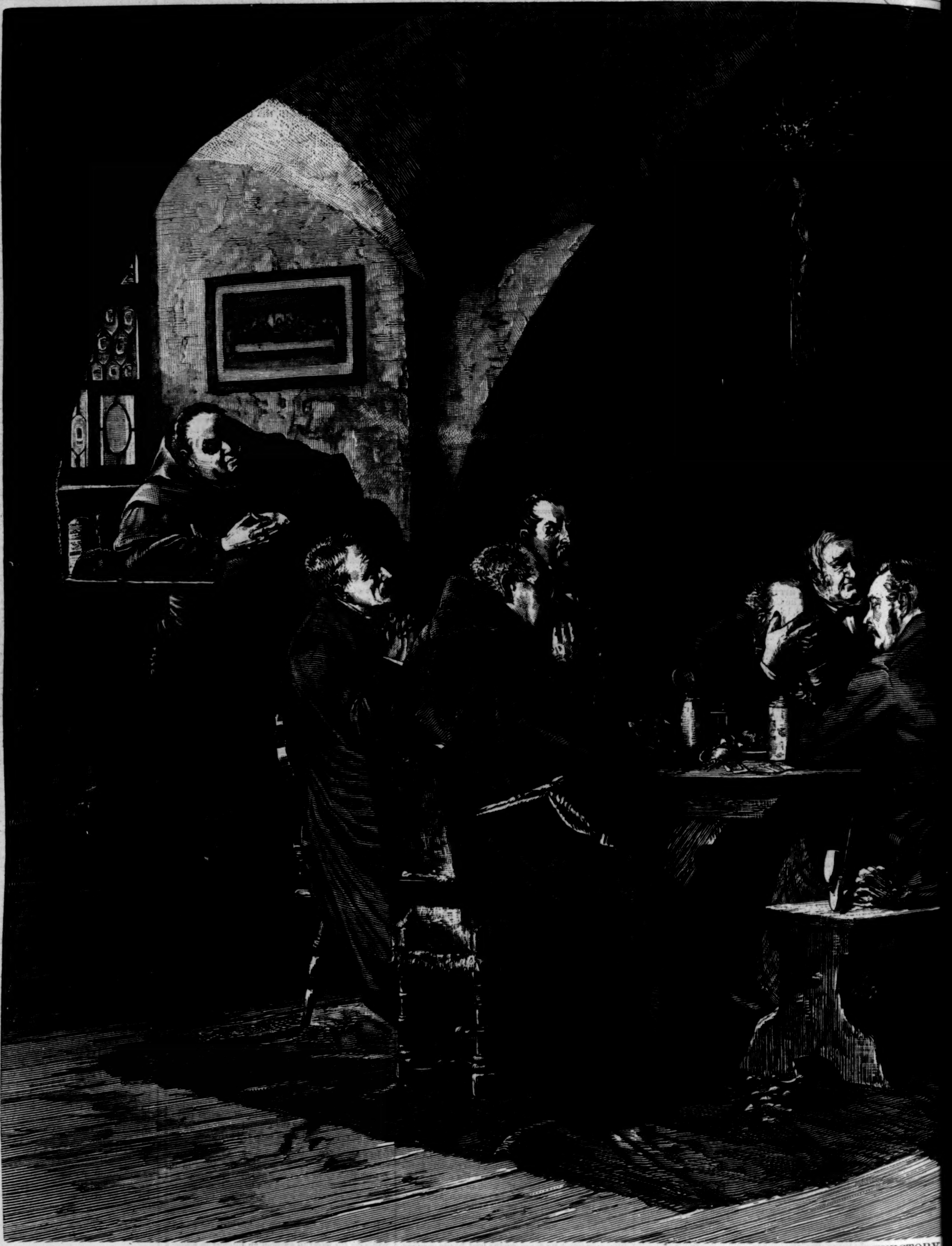
"This country," remarked a traveller in Northwestern Iowa, "settles up very rapidly." "Y-a-a-s," replied the native, nervously watching the movements of a constable dodging along the other side of the field, "settles up a darned sight faster than the people do." And before the traveller could ask him to explain, he was making a mile a minute across the trackless prairie, with the constable a bad second.

"THE PRAYER BELL."

In the southern part of Germany there are many old monastic establishments whose walls still preserve such interiors as the one selected as a background for the merry scene depicted in our engraving. Neither have the monks abandoned the hospitable practices of the Middle Ages, when such houses of entertainment were the only resource of travellers. The pious brothers still admit into their cloisters and provide with the goodly things of this life all who are able and willing to pay them for such accommodation.

The artist to whom the world is indebted for the original of this admirable engraving is a German, Eduard Grützner. His works are, however, chiefly in the possession of his own countrymen, although they are well known abroad by photographic copies. Facial expression is a point to which Herr Grützner has given special attention, as a glance at our group of ecclesiastics and their friendly visitors will show. The sound of the Gebetlaütens, or prayer bell, has brought the revels to a pause, and the unwillingness with which each listens to the unwelcome interruption is admirably portrayed in his countenance; indeed, a whole biography is told by the expressive visage of each member of the convivial party. One brother hears the bell begin to toll, and at once begins to pray loudly, mechanically, and with all the conventional forms of uplifted hands and sanctimonious air. To the left, ensconced in the window-seat, is seen an amply proportioned, shrewd-faced monk, obviously annoyed at having to relinquish the capital cigar he is enjoying. The affliction also extends to the military man sitting in front, and to certain civilians who have apparently been whiling away time over a game of cards. Altogether the summons to prayer breaks in upon a very worldly scene. The meal is over, but bread-crumbs, sausage skins, and radish leaves strewed about, as well as sundry beer jugs and glasses, show the quality of the feast in which the party have been indulging.

It is probable that each member of the goodly company whose enjoyment has thus been interfered with would, if the truth could be known, be found to resemble Wilkie Collins's heroine

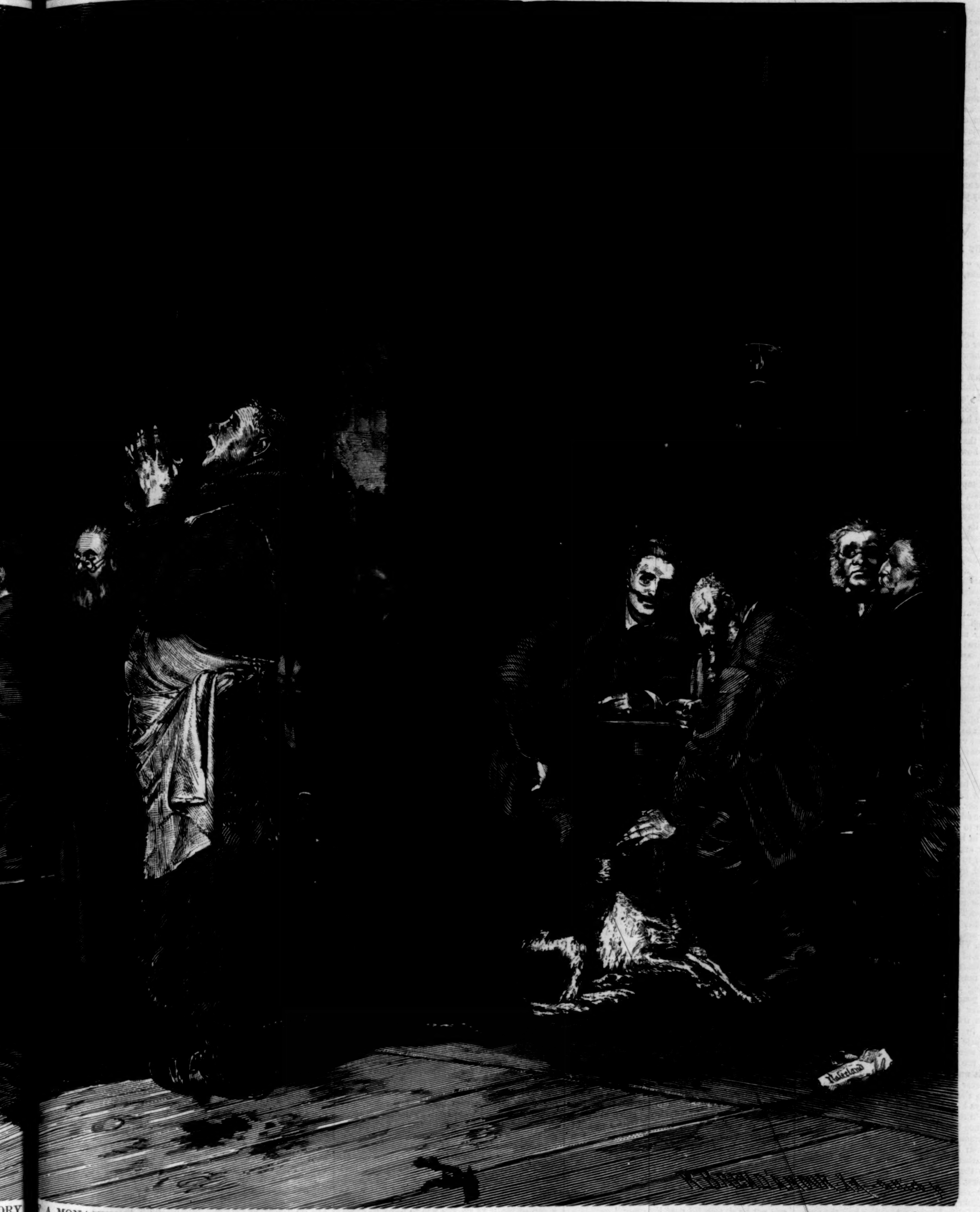


"THE PRAYER BELL"—SCENE IN THE REFECTORY

Miss Gwilt in her deep prejudice against all bells that call people to religious exercises. Those who have read the remarkable romance will perhaps remember that one Sunday morning, when this iniquitous young woman was compiling a history of her manœuvres against Armadale, she is so annoyed by the jangle of church bells that she abandons her narrative and interpolates the following paragraph in her journal: "I must leave off for a little while. The church bells have broken out, and the jangling of them drives me mad. In these days, when we have all got watches or clocks, why are bells wanted to remind us when the service begins? We don't require to be rung into the theatre. How excessively discreditable to the clergy to be obliged to ring us into the church!"

Valid as the arguments may be that are urged by nervous people and by those who object to having their occupations disturbed by summonses of such a character, the "sound of the church-going bell" (which, however, only goes to church but once, after which it stays there permanently) is too intimately connected with the services of religion to be in any danger from those who look upon its music as a nuisance. From the time of the sixth century bells have played an important part in the services of the Christian Church—so much so, indeed, that, apparently from a spirit of opposition, the Mohammedans reject the use of bells, and substitute for them the cry of the imaum from the tops of mosques. Not only were the bells indispensable to a church, but they had a sacred character. They were founded with impressive religious ceremonies, and consecrated by a complete baptismal service; they received names, had sponsors, were sprinkled with holy water, and finally covered with the white garment and anointed with chrism like infants.

The liturgy of the Roman Church still contains elaborate directions concerning the formalities to be observed in baptizing a bell, and the custom is still carried on in some countries. For this purpose the bell is suspended provisionally at such a height that the priest can conveniently walk around it and touch the inside as well as the outside. Then a seat or a throne is placed by its side for the bish
with holy water, a s
to wipe the bell, a v
thyme, incense, myr
incense. The bisho
head and the crosi
fore the bell and
he blesses the wate
tion of a church, c
and water, and wash
side of the bell, ai
priests. When thi



ORY A MONASTERY.—[FROM A PAINTING BY EDUARD GRÜTZNER.]

e bish d upon a table a vessel
er, a s llar, a clean linen cloth
ell, a w ith oil, the holy chrism,
e, myrr d a vessel for burning
bisho th a simple mitre on his
crosie his hand, sits down be-
and r certain psalms; then
water salt, as in the consecra-
rch, c an anthem, mixes salt
d wash th it the inside and out-
ell, aid y the other ministering
en thi done he recites more

psalms, makes the sign of the cross with the holy oil (as in the case of a sick person) on the bell, and prays with uncovered head. This ceremony is several times repeated, while a vessel is placed under the bell to receive the holy water that may run down, and the linen cloths that served to dry it are solemnly burned. Then incense is thrown upon the coals, and burned till the whole bell is filled with the smoke, while the choir is chanting more psalms; a portion of St. Luke's gospel is read, and, after repeated crossings and genuflections, the ceremony is ended.

The bells most frequently heard in Catholic countries are those which are rung in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, especially since these sounds, originally intended as an admonition to prayers, have become signals for the beginning of school hours and the return home of the weary laborer in the fields from his day's work. The evening bell is by far the oldest, as we may judge from the severity with which the curfew (*couvre-feu*) was enforced by the Norman masters of England, who prohibited the burning of any fire or light after this bell had been rung at seven or eight o'clock. This was, however, by no means an instance of Norman tyranny, for the same regulations prevailed nearly throughout Christendom, in order to protect the houses, which were almost universally of wood, from being burned and robbed by evil-doers.

Under Pope JOHN XXII., in 1330, was instituted the three recitals of the Ave Maria which are now required during the ringing of this evening bell. The author of an article entitled "A Chat on Bells," published in *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1870, tells us:

"These prayers were originally prescribed as a protection against the infidels and an intercession for the souls of the slain crusaders; now they are not unfairly suggestive of a blessing invoked upon the finished labors of the day. Travellers give most impressive descriptions of the deep and touching impression produced by the instantaneous effect of this custom, when the first sound of the bell produces in the house and on the high-road, on the public promenade and in the crowded assembly, an immediate cessation of work or movement—all doff their hats, the devout sink on their knees, and a whole population invokes in silence the aid of Heaven."

In spite of Miss Gwilt and her numerous sympathizers, there is a beauty and a propriety about this mode of calling people to public worship that can not fail to frustrate any attempt toward its prohibition. Neither are the clergy, who mostly control such matters, likely to abandon any thing that shall serve to call the attention of their careless flocks to a most important religious duty. And yet, on the other hand, we read of one important prelate of the sixteenth century who apparently thought this matter of bell-ringing might be overdone, for an order signed by him reads: "That the bell called the pardon or ave bell which of longe tyme hathe been used to be tollyd three tymes after and before divine service, be not hereafter in any part of my diocese any more tollyd."

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

RORIE COMES OF AGE.

"BLESS my soul!" cried the squire; "it's a vixen, after all."

This is how Squire Tempest greeted the family doctor's announcement of his first baby's sex. He had been particularly anxious for a son to inherit the Abbey House estate, maintain the Abbey hounds, and in a general way sustain the pride and glory of the family name; and, behold! Providence had given him a daughter.

"The deuce is in it," ejaculated the squire; "to think that it should be a vixen!"

This is how Violet Tempest came by her curious pet name. Before she was short-coated she had contrived to exhibit a very spirited and even vixenish temper, and the family doctor, who loved a small joke, used to ask after Miss Vixen when he paid his professional visits. As she grew older, her tawny hair was not unlike a red fox's brush in its bright golden brown hue, and her temper proved decidedly vixenish.

"I wish you wouldn't call Violet by that dreadful nickname, dear," Mrs. Tempest remonstrated, mildly.

"My darling, it suits her to a nicety," replied the squire, and he took his own way in this, as in most things.

The earth rolled round, and the revolving years brought no second baby to the Abbey House. Every year made the squire fonder of his little golden-haired girl. He put her on a soft white ball of a pony as soon as she could sit up straight, and took her about the forest with a leading-rein. No one else was allowed to teach Vixen to ride. Young as she was, she soon learned to do without the leading-rein, and the soft little white pony was discarded as too tame. Before her eleventh birthday she rode to hounds, and saw the stag at bay on the wild heathery downs above the wooded valleys. She was a creature full of life and courage and generous impulses and spontaneous leanings to all good thoughts; but she was a spoiled child, liked her own way, and had no idea of being guided by any body else's will—unless it had been her father's, and he never thwarted her.

Him she adored with the fondest love that child ever gave to parent—a blind, worshipping love, that saw in him the perfection of manhood, the beginning and end of earthly good. If any one had dared to say in Vixen's hearing that her father could, by any possible combination of circumstances, do wrong, act unjustly or ungenerously, it would have been better for that man to have come to handy-grips with a tiger-cat than with Violet Tempest. Her reverence for her father and her belief in him were boundless.

There never, perhaps, was a happier childhood than Violet's. She was daughter and heiress to one of the most popular men in that part of the country, and every body loved her. She was not much given to visiting in a methodical way among the poor, and it had never entered into her young mind that it was her mission to teach older people the way to heaven; but if there was trouble in the village, a sick child, a husband in prison for rabbit-snaring, a dead baby, a little boy's pinafore set fire to, Vixen and her pony were always to the fore; and it was an axiom in the village that, where Miss Tempest did "take," it was very good for those she took to. Violet never withdrew her hand when she had put it to the plough. If she made a promise, she always kept it. However long the sickness, however dire the poverty, Vixen's patience and benevolence lasted to the end.

The famous princess in the story, whose sleep was broken because there was a pea under her seven feather-beds, had scarcely a more untroubled life than Vixen. She had her own way in every thing. She did exactly what she liked with her comfortable, middle-aged governess, Miss M'Croke, learned what she pleased, and left what she disliked unlearned. She had the prettiest ponies in Hampshire to ride, the prettiest dresses to wear. Her mother was not a woman to bestow mental culture upon her only child, but she racked her small brain to devise becoming costumes for Violet. The colored stockings which harmonized best with each particular gown, the neat little buckled shoes, the fascinating Hessian boots. Nothing was too beautiful or too costly for Violet. She was the one thing her parents possessed in the world, and they lavished much love upon her; but it never occurred to Mr. and Mrs. Tempest, as it had occurred to the Duchess of Dovedale, to make their daughter a paragon.

In this perpetual sunshine Violet grew up, fair as most things are that grow in the sunshine. She loved her father with all her heart and mind and soul; she loved her mother with a lesser love; she had a tolerant affection for Miss M'Croke; she loved her ponies and the dog Argus; she loved the hounds in the kennels; she loved every honest familiar face of nurse, servant, and stableman, gardener, keeper, and huntsman, that had looked upon her with friendly, admiring eyes, ever since she could remember.

Not to be loved and admired would have been the strangest thing to Violet. She would hardly have recognized herself in an unappreciative circle; if she could have heard Lady Mabel talking about her, it would have been like the sudden revelation of an unknown world—a world in which it was possible for people to dislike and misjudge her.

This is one of the disadvantages of being reared in a little heaven of domestic love. The outside world seems so hard and bleak and dreary afterward, and the inhabitants thereof passing cruel.

Roderick Vawdrey Miss Tempest looked upon as her own particular property—a person whom she had the right to order about as she pleased. Rorie had been her playfellow and companion in his holiday-time for the last five years. All their tastes were in common. They had the same love for the brute creation, the same wild delight in rushing madly through the air on the backs of unreasoning animals; widely different in their tastes from Lady Mabel, who had once been run away with in a pony-carriage, and looked upon all horses as incipient murderers. They had the same love of nature, and the same indifference to books, and all the state and ceremony of life.

Vixen was "rising fifteen," as her father called it, and Rorie was just five years her senior. The squire saw them gay and happy together without one serious thought of what might come of it in the growth of years. That his Vixen could ever care for any one but her "old dad" was a notion that had not yet found its way into the squire's brain. She seemed to him quite as much his own property, his own to do what he liked with, singly and simply attached to him, as his favorite horse or his favorite dog. So there were no shadowings forth in the paternal mind as to any growth and development which the mutual affection of these two young people might take in the future.

It was very different with Lady Jane Vawdrey, who never saw her son and his cousin Mabel together without telling herself how exactly they were suited to each other, and what a nice thing it would be for the Briarwood and Ashbourne estates to be united by their marriage.

Rorie went back to college, and contrived to struggle through his next examinations with an avoidance of actual discredit; but when Christmas came, he did not go back to the forest, though Violet had counted on his coming, and had thought that it would be good fun to have his help in the decorations for the little Gothic church in the valley—a pretty little new church, like a toy, which the squire had built and paid for, and endowed with a perpetual seventy pounds a year out of his own pocket. It would have been fun to see poor Rorie prick his clumsy fingers with the holly. Vixen laughed at his awkwardness in advance, when she talked to Miss M'Croke about him, and drew upon herself that lady's mild reproval.

But Christmas came, and brought no Rorie. He had gone off to spend his Christmas at the Duke of Dovedale's Scotch castle. Easter came, and still no Rorie. He was at Putney with the 'Varsity crew, or in London with the Dovedales, riding in the Row, and forgetting dear old Hampshire and the last of the hunting, for which he would have been just in time.

Even the long vacation came without Rorie. He had gone for that promised tour in Switzerland, at his mother's instigation, and was only to come back late in the year to keep his twenty-first birthday, which was to be honored in a very subdued and unhilarious fashion at Briarwood.

"Mamma," said Violet, at breakfast-time one August morning, with her nose scornfully tilted, "what is Mr. Vawdrey like—dark or fair?"

"Why, Violet, you can't have forgotten him?" said her mother, with languid astonishment.

"I think he has been away long enough for me to forget even the color of his hair, mamma; and as he hasn't written to any body, we may fairly suppose he has forgotten us."

"Vixen misses her old playfellow," said the squire, busy with the demolition of a grouse. "But Rorie is a young man now, you know, dear, and has work to do in the world—duties, my pet—duties."

"And is a young man's first duty to forget his old friends?" inquired Vixen, naively.

"My pet, you can't expect a lad of that kind to write letters. I am a deuced bad hand at letter-writing myself, and always was. I don't think a man's hand was ever made to pinch a pen. Nature has given us a broad, strong grasp to grip a sword or a gun. Your mother writes most of my letters, Vixen, you know, and I shall expect you to help her in a year or two. Let me see: Rorie will be one-and-twenty in October, and there are to be high jinks at Briarwood, I believe; so there's something to look forward to, my dear."

"Edward!" exclaimed Mrs. Tempest, reproachfully; "you forget that Violet is not out. She will not be sixteen till next February."

"Bless her!" cried the squire, with a tender look at his only child, "she has grown up like a green bay-tree. But if this were to be quite a friendly affair at Briarwood, she might go merely—"

"It will not be a friendly affair," said Mrs. Tempest; "Lady Jane never gives friendly parties. There is nothing friendly in her nature, and I don't think she likes us—much. But I dare say we shall be asked; and if we go, I must have a new dress," added the gentle lady, with a sigh of resignation. "It will be a dinner, no doubt; and the duke and duchess will be there, of course."

The card of invitation came in due course, three weeks before the birthday. It was to be a dinner, as Mrs. Tempest had opined. She wrote off to her milliner at once, and there was a passage of letters and fashion plates and patterns of silk to and fro, and some of Mrs. Tempest's finest lace came out of the perfumed chest in which she kept her treasures, and was sent off to Madame Theodore.

Poor Vixen beheld these preparations with an aching heart. She did not care about dinner parties in the least, but she would have liked to be with Roderick on his birthday. She would have liked it to have been a hunting day, and to have ridden for a wild scamper across the hills with him; to have seen the rolling downs of the Wight blue in the distance; to have felt the soft south wind blowing in her face, and to have ridden by his side, neck and neck, all day long; and then to have gone home to the Abbey House to dinner, to the snug round table in the library, and the dogs, and papa in his happiest mood, expanding over his port and walnuts. That would have been a happy birthday for all of them, in Violet's opinion.

The squire and his daughter had plenty of hunting in this merry month of October, but there had been no sign of Rorie and his tall raking chestnut in the field, nor had any one in the forest heard of or seen the young Oxonian.

"I dare say he is only coming home in time for the birthday," Mrs. Tempest remarked, placidly, and went on with her preparations for that event.

She wanted to make a strong impression on the duchess, who had not behaved too well to her, only sending her invitations for indiscriminate afternoon assemblies, which Mrs. Tempest had graciously declined, pleading her feeble health as a reason for not going to garden parties.

Vixen was in a peculiar temper during those three weeks, and poor Miss M'Croke had hard work with her.

"Der, die, das," cried Vixen, throwing down her German grammar in a rage, one morning, when she had been making a muddle of the definite article in her exercise, and the patient governess had declared that they really must go back to the very beginning of things. "What stupid people the Germans are! Why can't they have one little word for every thing, as we have? T, h, e, the. Any child can learn that. What do they mean by chopping up their language into little bits, like the pieces in a puzzle? Why, even the French are more reasonable, though they're bad enough, goodness knows, with their he's and she's—feminine tables and masculine beds. Why should I be bothered to learn all this rubbish? I'm not going to be a governess, and it will never be any use to me. Papa doesn't know a single sentence in French or German, and he's quite happy."

"But if your papa were travelling on the Continent, Violet, he would find his ignorance of the language a great deprivation."

"No, he wouldn't. He'd have a courier."

"Are you aware, my dear, that we have wasted five minutes already in this discursive conversation?" remarked Miss M'Croke, looking at a fat, useful watch, which she wore at her side in the good old fashion. "We will leave the grammar for the present, and you can repeat Schiller's 'Song of the Bell.'"

"I'd rather say 'The Dragon,'" said Vixen; "there's more fire and life in it. I do like Schiller, Crokey dear. But isn't it a pity he didn't write in English?"

And Vixen put her hands behind her, and began to spout the wonderful story of the knight who slew the dragon, and very soon her eyes kindled and her cheeks were aflame, and the grand verses were rolled out rapidly, with a more or less faulty pronunciation, but plenty of life and vehemence. This exercise of mind and memory suited Vixen a great deal better than dull plodding at the first principles of grammar, and the perpetual der, die, das.

This day was the last of October, and Roderick Vawdrey's birthday. He had not been seen at the Abbey House yet. He had come back to Briarwood before this, no doubt, but had not taken the trouble to come and see his old friends.

"He's a man now, and has duties, and has done with us," thought Vixen, savagely.

She was very glad that it was such a wretched day—a hideous day for any one's twenty-first birthday, ominous of all bad things, she thought. There was not a rift in the dull gray sky; the straight fine rain came down persistently, soaking into the sodden earth, and sending up an odor of dead leaves. The smooth shining laurels in the shrubbery were the only things in nature that seemed no worse for the perpetual down-pour. The gravel drives were spongy and sloppy. There was no hunting, or Vixen would have been riding her pony through rain and foul weather, and would have been comparatively independent of the elements. But to be at home all day, watching the rain, and thinking what a horrid, ungrateful young man Rorie was! That was dreary.

Mrs. Tempest went to her room to lie down directly after luncheon. She wanted to keep herself fresh for the evening. She made quite a solemn business of this particular dinner party. At half past five precisely Pauline was to bring her a cup of tea. At six she was to begin to dress. This would give her an hour and a half for her toilet, as Briarwood was only half an hour's drive from the Abbey House. So for the rest of that day—until she burst upon their astonished view in her new dress—Mrs. Tempest would be invisible to her family.

"What a disgusting birthday!" cried Vixen, sitting in the deep embrasure of the hall window, with Argus at her side, dog and girl looking out at the glistening shrubbery.

Miss M'Croke had gone to her room to write letters, or Vixen would have hardly been allowed to remain peacefully in such an inelegant position, her knees drawn up to her chin, her arms embracing her knees, her back against the stout oak shutter. Yet the girl and dog made rather a pretty picture, despite the inelegance of Vixen's attitude. The tawny hair, black velvet frock, and careless amber sash, amber stockings, and broad-toed Cromwell shoes; the tawny mastiff curled in the opposite corner of the deep recess; the old armorial bearings, sending pale shafts of party-colored light across Vixen's young head—a picture full of light and color, framed in the dark brown oak.

"What an abominable birthday!" ejaculated Vixen. "If it were such weather as this on my twenty-first birthday, I should think Nature had taken a dislike to me. But I don't suppose Rorie cares. He is playing billiards with a lot of his friends, and smoking, and making a horror of himself, I dare say, and hardly knows whether it rains or shines."

Drip, drip, drip, came the rain on the glistening leaves, berberis and laurel, bay and holly, American oaks of richest red and bronze, copper beeches, tall rhododendrons, cypress of every kind, and behind them a dense black screen of yew. The late roses looked miserable. Vixen would have liked to have brought them in and put them by the hall fire—the good old hearth with its pile of blazing logs, before which Nip the pointer was stretched at ease, his muscular toes stiffening themselves occasionally, as if he was standing at a bird in his dreams.

Vixen went on watching the rain. It was rather a lazy way of spending the afternoon, certainly, but Miss Tempest was out of humor with her little world, and did not feel equal to groping out the difficulties, the inexorable double sharps and odious double flats, in a waltz of Chopin's. She watched the straight thin rain, and thought about Rorie—chiefly to the effect that she hated him, and never could by any possibility like him again.

Gradually the trickle of the rain from an overflowing water-pipe took the sound of a tune. No Berceuse by Gounod was ever more rest-compelling. The full white lids drooped over the big brown eyes, the little locked hands loosened, the soft round chin fell forward on the knees; Argus gave a snort of satisfaction, and laid his heavy head on the velvet gown, and girl and dog were asleep. There was no sound in the wide old hall except the soft falling of wood-ashes, the gentle breathing of girl and dogs.

Too pretty a picture assuredly to be lost to the eye of mankind.

Whose footstep was this sounding on the wet gravel half an hour later? Too quick and light for the squire's. Who was this coming in softly out of the rain, all dripping like a water-god? Who was this whose falcon-eye took in the picture at a glance, and who stole cat-like to the window, and bending down his dark wet head, gave Violet's sleeping lips the first lover's kiss that had ever saluted them?

Violet awoke with a faint shiver of surprise and joy. Instinct told her from whom that kiss came, though it was the first time Roderick had kissed her since he went to Eton. The lovely brown eyes opened and looked into the dark gray ones. The ruddy brown head rested on Rorie's shoulder. The girl—half child, half woman, and all loving trustfulness—looked up at him with a glad smile. His heart was stirred with a new feeling as those softly bright eyes looked into his. It was the early dawn of a passionate love. The head lying on his breast seemed to him the fairest thing on earth.

"Rorie, how disgracefully you have behaved, and how utterly I detest you!" exclaimed Vixen, giving him a vigorous push, and scrambling down from the window-seat. "To be all this time in Hampshire and never come near us!"

A moment ago, in that first instant of a newly awakened delight, she was almost betrayed into telling him that she loved him dearly, and had found life empty without him. But having had just time enough to recover herself, she drew herself up as straight as a dart, and looked at him as Kate may have looked at Petruchio during their first unpleasant interview.

"All this time!" cried Rorie. "Do you know how long I have been in Hampshire?"

"Haven't the least idea," retorted Vixen, haughtily.

"Just half an hour—or at least it is exactly half an hour since I was deposited with all my goods and chattels at the Lyndhurst Road Station."

"You are only just home from Switzerland?"

"Within this hour."

"And you have not even been to Briarwood?"

"My honored mother still awaits my duteous greetings."

"And this is your twenty-first birthday, and you came here first of all."

And, almost uninvited, the tawny head dropped on to his shoulder again, and the sweet childish lips allowed themselves to be kissed.

"Rorie, how brown you have grown!"

"Have I?"

The gray eyes were looking into the brown ones admiringly, and the conversation was getting a trifle desultory.

Swift as a flash Violet recollected herself. It dawned upon her that it was not quite the right thing for a young lady "rising sixteen" to let herself be kissed so tamely. Besides, Rorie never used to do it. The thing was a new development, a curious outcome of his Swiss tour. Perhaps people did it in Switzerland, and Rorie had acquired the habit.

"How dare you do such a thing?" exclaimed Vixen, shaking herself clear from the traveller's encircling arm.

"I didn't think you minded," said Rorie, innocently; "and when a fellow comes home from a long journey he expects a warm welcome."

"And I am glad to see you," cried Vixen, giving him both her hands with a glorious frankness; "but you don't know how I have been hating you lately."

"Why, Vixen?"

"For being always away. I thought you had forgotten us all, that you did not care a jot for any of us."

"I had not forgotten any of you, and I did care —very much—for some of you."

This, though vague, was consoling.

The brown became Roderick. Dark of visage always, he was now tanned to a bronze as of one born under Southern skies. Those deep gray eyes of his looked black under their black lashes. His black hair was cut close to the well-shaped head. An incipient mustache darkened his upper lip, and gave fresh manhood to the strong, firm mouth. A manly face altogether, Roderick's, and handsome withal. Vixen's short life had shown her none handsomer.

He was tall and strongly built, with a frame that had been developed by many an athletic exercise, from throwing the hammer to pugilism. Vixen thought him the image of Richard Cœur de Lion. She had been reading *The Talisman* lately, and the Plantagenet was her ideal of manly excellence.

"Many happy returns of the day, Rorie," she said, softly. "To think that you are of age today! Your own master!"

"Yes, my infancy ceased and determined at the last stroke of midnight yesterday. I wonder whether my anxious mother will recognize that fact?"

"Of course you know what is going to happen at Briarwood. There is to be a grand dinner party."

"And you are coming? How jolly!"

"Oh no, Rorie. I am not out yet, you know. I sha'n't be for two years. Papa means to give me a season in town. He calls it having me broken to harness. He'll take a furnished house, and we shall have the horses up, and I shall ride in the Row. You'll be with us part of the time, won't you, Rorie?"

"Ça se peut. If papa will invite me."

"Oh, he will, if I wish it. It's to be my first season, you know, and I'm to have every thing my own way."

"Will that be a novelty?" demanded Roderick, with intention.

"I don't know. I haven't had my own way in any thing lately."

"How is that?"

"You have been away."

At this naïve flattery Roderick almost blushed.

"How you've grown, Vixen!" he remarked, presently.

"Have I really? Yes, I suppose I do grow. My frocks are always getting too short."

"Like the sleeves of my dress-coats a year or two ago."

"But now you are of age, and can't grow any more. What are you going to be, Rorie? What are you going to do with your liberty? Are you going into Parliament?"

Mr. Vawdrey indulged in a suppressed yawn.

"My mother would like it," he said, "but, upon my word, I don't care about it. I don't take enough interest in my fellow-creatures."

"If they were foxes, you'd be anxious to legislate for them," suggested Vixen.

"I would certainly try to protect them from indiscriminate slaughter. And, in fact, when one considers the looseness of existing game-laws, I think every country gentleman ought to be in Parliament."

"And there is the forest for you to take care of."

"Yes, forestry is a subject on which I should like to have my say. I suppose I shall be obliged to turn senator. But I mean to take life easily; you may be sure of that, Vixen; and I intend to have the best stud of hunters in Hampshire. And now I think I must be off."

"No, you mustn't," cried Violet. "The dinner is not till eight. If you leave here at six, you will have no end of time for getting home to dress. How did you come?"

"On these two legs."

"You shall have four to take you to Briarwood. West shall drive you home in papa's dog-cart with the new mare. You don't know her, do you? Papa only bought her last spring. She is such a beauty, and goes—goes—oh, like a sky-rocket. She bolts occasionally; but you don't mind that, do you?"

"Not in the least. It would be rather romantic to be smashed on one's twenty-first birthday. Will you tell them to order West to get ready at once?"

"Oh, but you are to stop to tea with Miss M'Croke and me—that's part of our bargain. No kettledrum, no Starlight Bess! And you'd scarcely care about walking to Briarwood under such rain as that!"

"So be it, then; kettledrum and Starlight Bess, at any hazard of maternal wrath. But really now I'm doing a most ungentlemanly thing, Vixen, to oblige you."

"Always be ungentlemanly, then, for my sake —if it's ungentlemanly to come and see me," said Vixen, coaxingly.

They were standing side by side in the big window looking out at the straight, thin rain. The two pairs of lips were not very far away from each other, and Rorie might have been tempted to commit a third offense against the proprieties if Miss M'Croke had not fortunately entered at this very moment. She was wonderfully surprised at seeing Mr. Vawdrey, congratulated him ceremoniously upon his majority, and infused an element of stiffness into the small assembly.

"Rorie is going to stay to tea," said Vixen. "We'll have it here by the fire, please, Crokey dear. One can't have too much of a good fire this weather. Or shall we go to my den? Which would you like best, Rorie?"

"I think we had better have tea here, Violet," interjected Miss M'Croke, ringing the bell.

Her pupil's sanctum sanctorum—that pretty up-stairs room, half school-room, half boudoir, and wholly untidy—was not, in Miss M'Croke's opinion, an apartment to be violated by the presence of a young man.

"And as Rorie hasn't had any luncheon, and has come ever so far out of his way to see me, please order something substantial for him," said Vixen.

Her governess obeyed. The gypsy table was wheeled up to the broad hearth, and presently the old silver tea-pot and kettle and the yellow cups and saucers were shining in the cheery fire-light. The old butler put a sirloin and a game pie on the sideboard, and then left the little party to shift for themselves in pleasant picnic fashion.

Vixen sat down before the hissing tea-kettle with a pretty, important air, like a child making tea out of toy tea-things. Rorie brought a low square stool to a corner close to her, and seated himself with his chin a little above the tea-table.

"You can't eat roast beef in that position," said Vixen.

"Oh yes, I can—I can do any thing that's mad or merry this evening. But I'm not at all sure that I want beef, though it is nearly three months since I've seen an honest bit of ox beef. I think thin bread and butter—or roses and dew even—quite substantial enough for me this evening."

"You're afraid of spoiling your appetite for the grand dinner," said Vixen.

"No, I'm not. I hate grand dinners. Fancy making a fine art of eating, and studying one's menu beforehand to see what combination of dishes will harmonize best with one's internal economy! And then the names of the things are always better than the things themselves. It's like a show at a fair, all the best outside. Give me a slice of English beef or mutton, and a bird that my gun has shot, and let all the fine art dinners go hang."

"Cut him a slice of beef, dear Miss M'Croke," said Vixen.

"Not now, thanks; I can't eat now. I'm going to drink orange pekoe."

Argus had taken up his position between Violet and her visitor. He sat bolt-upright, like a sentinel keeping guard over his mistress.

"Are you very glad to come of age, Rorie?" asked Vixen, turning her bright brown eyes upon him, full of curiosity.

"Well, it will be rather nice to have as much money as I want without asking my mother for it. She was my only guardian, you know. My father had such confidence in her rectitude and capacity that he left every thing in her hands."

"Do you find Briarwood much improved?" inquired Miss M'Croke.

Lady Jane had been doing a good deal to her orchid-houses lately.

"I haven't found Briarwood at all yet," answered Rorie, "and Vixen seems determined I sha'n't find it."

"What, have you only just returned?"

"Only just."

"And you have not seen Lady Jane yet?" exclaimed Miss M'Croke, with a horrified look.

"It sounds rather undutiful, doesn't it? I was awfully tired after travelling all night, and I made this a kind of half-way house."

"Two sides of a triangle are always longer than any one side," remarked Vixen, gravely. "At least that's what Miss M'Croke has taught me."

"It was rather out of my way, of course. But I wanted to see whether Vixen had grown. And I wanted to see the squire."

"Papa has gone to Ringwood to look at a horse, but you'll see him at the grand dinner. He'll be coming home to dress presently."

"I hope you had an agreeable tour, Mr. Vawdrey?" said Miss M'Croke.

"Oh, uncommonly jolly."

"And you like Switzerland?"

"Yes; it's nice and hilly."

And then Roderick favored them with a sketch of his travels while they sipped their tea, and while Vixen made the dogs balance pieces of cake on their big blunt noses.

It was all very nice—the Tête Noire, and Mont Blanc, and the Matterhorn. Rorie jumbled them all together, without the least regard to geography. He had done a good deal of climbing, had worn out and lost dozens of alpenstocks, and had brought home a case of Swiss carved-work for his friends.

"There's a clock for your den, Vixen—I shall bring it to-morrow—with a little cock-robin that comes out of his nest and sings—no end of jolly."

"How lovely!" cried Violet.

The tall eight-day clock in a corner of the hall chimed the half hour.

"Half past five, and Starlight Bess not ordered!" exclaimed Roderick.

"Let's go out to the stables and see about her," suggested Vixen. "And then I can show you my pony. You remember Titmouse, the one that *would* jump?"

"Violet!" ejaculated the aggrieved governess. "Do you suppose I would permit you to go out of doors in such weather?"

"Do you think it's still raining?" asked Vixen, innocently. "It may have cleared up. Well, we'd better order the cart," she added, meekly, as she rang the bell. "I'm not of age yet, you see, Rorie. Please, Peters, tell West to get papa's dog-cart ready for Mr. Vawdrey, and to drive Starlight Bess."

Rorie looked at the bright face admiringly. The shadows had deepened; there was no light in the great oak-panelled room except the ruddy fire-glow, and in this light Violet Tempest looked her loveliest. The figures in the tapestry seemed to move in the flickering light—appeared and vanished, vanished and appeared, like the phantoms of a dream. The carved bosses of the ceiling were reflected grotesquely on the oaken wall above the tapestry. The stags' heads had a goblin look. It was like a scene of enchantment, and Violet, in her black frock and amber sash, looked like the enchantress—Melusine or somebody of equally dubious antecedents.

It was Miss M'Croke's sleepiest hour. Orange pekoe, which has an awakening influence upon most people, acted as an opiate upon her. She sat blinking owlishly at the two young figures.

Rorie roused himself with a great effort.

"Unless Starlight Bess spins me along the road pretty quickly, I shall hardly get to Briarwood by dinner-time," he said; "and, upon my honor, I don't feel the least inclination to go."

"Oh, what fun if you were absent at your coming-of-age dinner?" cried Vixen, with her brown eyes dancing mischievously. "They would have to put an empty chair for you, like Banquo's."

"It would be a lark," acquiesced Rorie, "but it wouldn't do. Now for Starlight Bess."

They went into the vestibule, and Rorie opened the door, letting in a gust of wind and rain, and the scent of autumn's last ill-used flowers.

"Oh, I so nearly forgot!" said Violet, as they stood on the threshold, side by side, waiting for the dog-cart to appear. "I've got a little present for you—quite a humble one for a grand young land-owner like you; but I never could save much of my pocket-money: there are so many poor children always having scarlet fever, or tumbling into the fire, or drinking out of boiling tea-kettles. But here it is, Rorie. I hope you won't hate it very much."

She put a little square packet into his hand, which he proceeded instantly to open.

"I shall love it, whatever it is."

"It's a portrait."

"You darling! The very thing I should have asked for."

"The portrait of some one you're fond of."

"Some one I adore," said Rorie.

He had extracted the locket from its box by this time. It was a thick oblong locket of dead gold, plain and massive; the handsomest of its kind that a Southampton jeweller could supply.

Rorie opened it eagerly, to look at the portrait.

There was just light enough from the newly kindled vestibule lamp to show it to him.

"Why, it's a dog," cried Rorie, with deep-toned disgust. "It's old Argus."

"Who did you think it was?"

"You, of course."

"What an idea! As if I should give any one my portrait! I knew you were fond of Argus. Doesn't his head come out beautifully? The photographer said he was the best sitter he had had for ever so long. I hope you don't quite detest the locket, Rorie."

"I admire it intensely, and I'm deeply grateful. But I feel inexpressibly sold, all the same. And I am to go about the world with Argus dangling at my breast. Well, for your sake, Vixen, I'll submit even to that degradation."

Here came the cart, with two flaming lamps, like angry eyes flashing through the shrubberies. It pulled up at the steps. Rorie and Vixen clasped hands and bade good-night, and then the young man swung himself lightly into the seat beside the driver, and away went Starlight Bess, making just that sort of dashing and spirited start which inspires the beholder with the idea that the next proceeding will be the bringing home of the driver and his companion upon a brace of shutters.

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The operations of the United States Fish Commission at Gloucester, Massachusetts, were brought to a close, so far as the deep-sea research was concerned, on the 26th of September, on which day the last trip of the United States steamer *Speedwell* was made. This vessel, under the command of Captain L. A. Beardslee, of the navy, has been diligently occupied since the middle of July in her work, and has made trips of greater or less extent, varying from five to fifty miles, nearly every suitable day during the summer. With an efficient corps of naturalists, consisting of Professor A. E. Verrill, Mr. Richard Rathbun, and Professor Sanderson Smith for the marine invertebrates, Dr. W. G. Farlow for the algæ, Professor G. Brown Goode, Dr. T. H. Bean, and Mr. Earll for the fishes, and Mr. Asaph Hall, Jun., in charge of the temperature observations, very important results have been secured, the location and extent of important fishing banks have been ascertained, and the existence established of many new and important fishes and invertebrates. A full account of these will be published in the annual report of the Commission. Apart from the collections of the steamer, very valuable services have been rendered by the many fishing vessels belonging to Gloucester, of which some four hundred are continually engaged in the capture of cod, halibut, mackerel, and sword-fish. Every day large numbers of vessels pass out of the harbor, and but few in their return voyages fail to bring back something to the Commission. The existence of species of shark, chimæras, and other strange fishes in the deep water off the coast has been established by numerous specimens, while the corals, gorgonians, star-fishes, and other invertebrates brought in are of the most interesting character. A portion of the Commission has also been engaged during the season in collecting numerous facts in regard to the fisheries of Gloucester, especially those relating to the cod, halibut, and mackerel, the report upon which when published will doubtless be considered the first reliable statement of the history of this great industry.

The questions connected with the multiplication of the fishes off the coast have also received attention, and the Commission is at present engaged in experiments for determining the possibility of multiplying cod and other fishes by artificial propagation. Should this be as successful as the Commissioner and his assistants hope, an entirely new era will be established for the American fisheries, as there will apparently be no difficulty in securing ripe eggs of several species in sufficient quantity to establish coast fisheries of greater extent than those known in any other portion of the globe.

The Fish Commission, during its stay in Gloucester, was visited by many scientific gentlemen interested in its operations, and by the representatives of the leading newspapers of Boston, New York, and elsewhere.

The post of Chief Librarian of the British Museum, recently vacated by Mr. Winter Jones, who has held it for some years past, has been filled by the appointment of Edward Augustus Bond, who succeeded the late Sir Frederick Madden as Keeper of the Manuscripts in 1876. The selection was made from two names submitted to the Queen, the other name being that of Bullen, Keeper of the Printed Books.

We have already referred to the intention of Dr. Otto Finsch, the eminent naturalist of Bremen, to undertake the exploration of the Pacific islands; and we learn that he has already resigned his appointment as Curator of the Bremen Museum, and has been succeeded by Dr. Ludwig, late Assistant in the Zoological Museum of Göttingen.

We have already referred to the expeditions sent out from Germany to the mouths of the Siberian rivers Obi and Yenisei for purposes of exploration and of trade with the natives. According to the latest advices, the steamer *Neptune*, dispatched to the Obi, passed Vardoe on the 31st of July, and probably reached its destination by the middle of August. The steamer *Louisa*, accompanied by the tug *Moskwa* and three lighters, met with an unfortunate accident at the beginning of her journey to the Yenisei by running on a rock, not marked in the charts, near the Norwegian coast. The vessel was subsequently taken off by the help of the *Moskwa* and another tug, dispatched from Drontheim to her assistance, but was obliged to go into Bergen for repairs.

Not to lose the labors of the present season, however, a second Norwegian steamer, the *Zaritza*, of 313 tons, was chartered to take off the equipment and cargo of the *Louisa*, and to continue the journey from Brönö. The fleet reached Hammerfest on the 21st of August, and, it was hoped, would reach the mouth of the Yenisei in the beginning of September.

Todaro, the professor of botany and director of the Botanic Garden of Palermo, has brought out a monograph of the species of cotton, with an account of cotton culture in Italy, in illustration of the exhibit of cottons at the Paris Exposition of this year. The twelve folio plates rival those of the similar work of the late Parlatore for the former Exposition, and are more numerous in species.

Baillon's great *Dictionary of Botany*, published by Hachette & Co., has in the tenth fascicle completed the first volume of 788 large quarto pages, and is yet in the middle of the letter C. The leading article of the last fascicle is that on *Champignons* (fungi), and is profusely illustrated.

The French societies have an admirable arrangement for stimulating research, in the form of permanent prizes, the income of which is available, at the expiration of a certain number of years, as a recompense for discoveries of sufficient value made in any particular department of knowledge. The Academy of Sciences of France has a very large number of such prizes at its command, and the Société d'Acclimatation has very nearly as many.

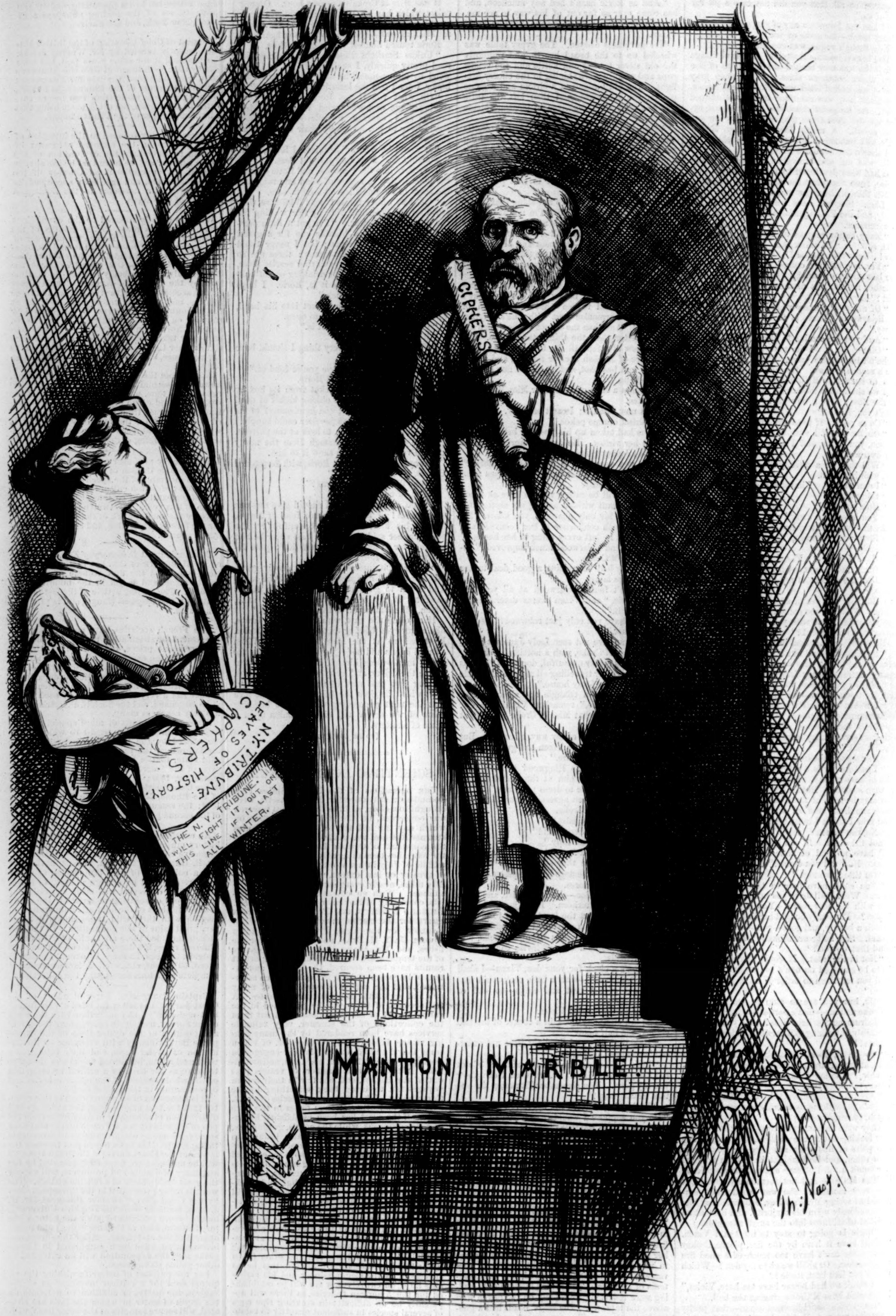
Among the subjects of more special interest to North Americans, in regard to which prizes are offered by the last-mentioned society, are the following: the reproduction in France in a wild state, that is to say, in a large woodland park, of the American elk, 1500 francs, open till December, 1880; the domestication in France of the beaver, either from Canada or the borders of the Rhone, 500 francs, open till December, 1880; the amount will be doubled if individuals of the second generation are furnished.

An excellent opportunity is offered to natural history museums for the acquisition of a very extensive collection of the crania of mammalia, Dr. R. Hensel, of Proskau, Prussia, having for sale a collection of over 200 species, many of them represented by a large number of specimens. The collection was made especially for the purpose of securing material for the study of the variations of the domestic animals in connection with their wild types, and will be of very great value in this connection. In the 1500 objects included there are skulls of 241 cats of different races, 296 dogs, 37 wolves, 140 foxes, 36 badgers, 26 hogs, 22 stags, 25 oxen, 27 goats, 55 sheep, 10 horses, etc., etc. A large number of complete skeletons accompany the collection.

Captain Patterson, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, has lately initiated a very important undertaking in connection with the work of the Survey, namely, in determining the extent and position of the oyster beds of the Chesapeake Bay, primarily with reference to the formation of oyster reefs, and their interference with navigation, but broad enough in its scope to serve as the basis of a critical investigation of the whole subject of the oyster fisheries and oyster culture in the United States.

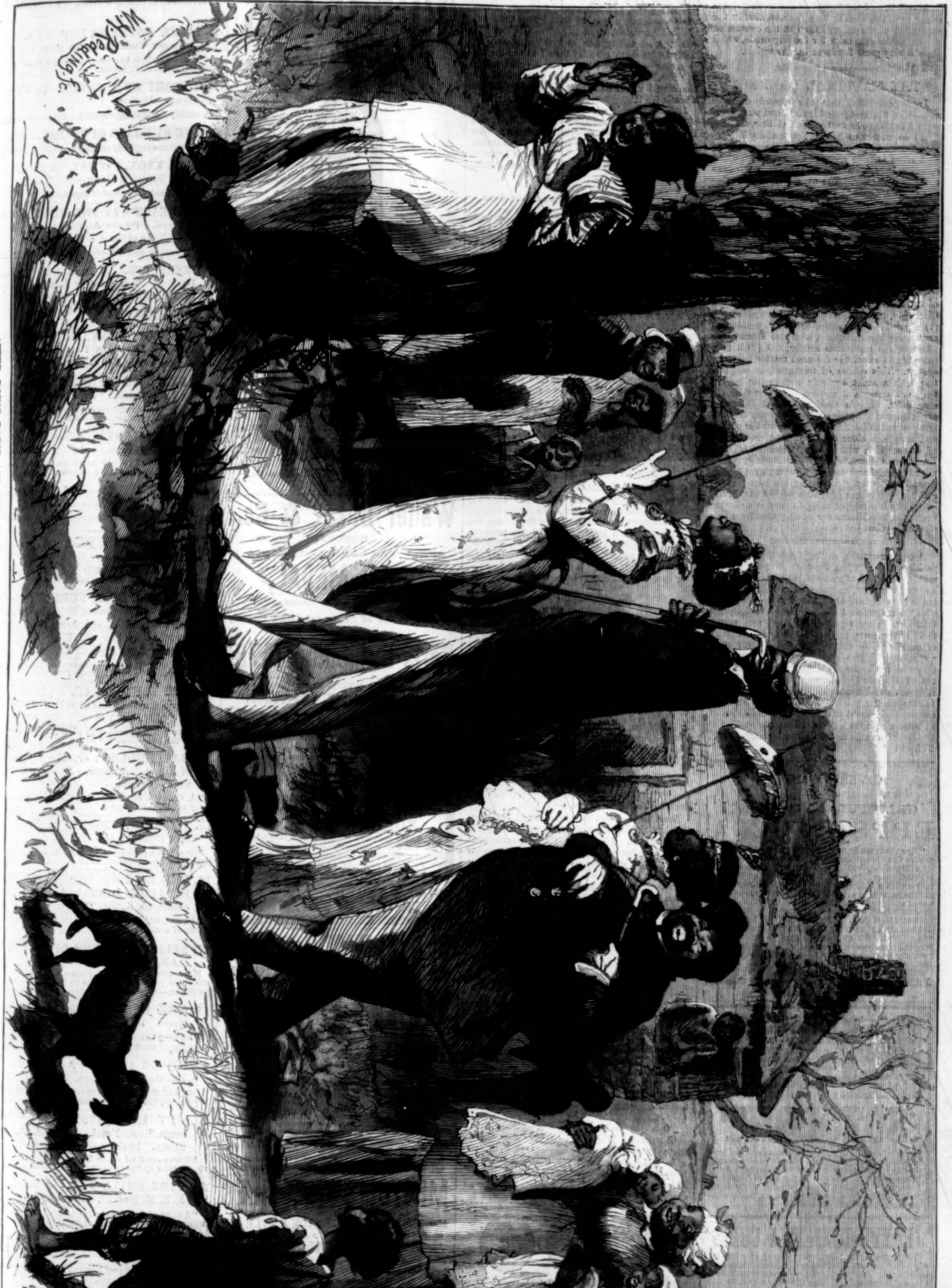
It is somewhat of an opprobrium to this country that the best article upon the statistics and distribution of the oyster in America is from the pen of Captain Broca, a French officer sent over some years ago by his government to investigate this subject. It is to be hoped that through the labors of the Coast Survey a thorough research will be made, which, when supplemented by the assistance of dealers and producers, will supply the great desideratum of a reliable history. The work is being prosecuted in the Chesapeake Bay by the Coast Survey steamer *Palinurus*, Mr. H. J. Rice, formerly of Johns Hopkins University, looking more particularly after the natural history features, such as the embryology and development of the oyster, etc. After the survey and investigation have been completed in Chesapeake Bay, the exploration will be extended to other points on the coast.

For the purpose of better furnishing the required data for a critical investigation of the subject, the party, in addition to determining the depth of water in which the beds are situated, will secure samples of the water itself, with specimens of the oyster, and the temperature and currents will be observed, the whole work being conducted in accordance with the best principles of modern research.


CIPHERS
N.Y. TRIBUNE
LEAVES OF HISTORY.
CIPHERS.
THE N. Y. TRIBUNE. WILL FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE IF IT LAST ALL WINTER.
MANTON MARBLE.
Th: Nast.

AN APPEAL TO MARBLE.

"'TIS TIME; DESCEND; BE STONE NO MORE."—SHAKESPEARE.


W.H. Redding, Sc.

AFTER DOING PARIS AND THE REST OF EUROPE, THE BRIDAL PARTY RETURN TO BLACKVILLE.—[Drawn by Sol. Eytinge, Jun.]

NEW USE FOR COCOA-NUTS.

A NEW use of the kernel of the cocoa-nut has lately been initiated in New Zealand, first in the extraction of the oil, and then in the conversion of the refuse into cake for feeding cattle, which show a very great fondness for the article.

THE NATIONAL SCOURGE.

IT is estimated that the annual damages caused by the ravages of insects and worms exceed $150,000,000 in the United States alone. Truly an enormous loss! Yet it sinks into insignificance when compared with the ravages of that more terrible scourge, Consumption, which annually sweeps hundreds of thousands of human souls into eternity. The causes of consumption are various, depending in every instance for the development of the disease upon the scrofulous diathesis, or temperament, of the victim. Thus the same cause which will produce in one person an attack of acute disease or a slight nervous prostration, will engender consumption in a person of scrofulous habit. That consumption can be cured by proper treatment will be readily perceived when the exact nature of the disease is understood, viz.: the accumulation and deposition of scrofulous matter (tubercles) in the lungs. Obviously, the principal remedies required are (1) a powerful alterative, or blood-purifier, to arrest the accumulations, and also cleanse the blood of the scrofulous matter, and (2) a mild cathartic to expel the diseased matter from the system. This course of treatment, in conjunction with a strict hygienic regime, has proved the most successful method of curing this disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the best alterative and cathartic remedies before the public, and have been alone used in thousands of cases of consumption with the most marked efficacy. Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., affords special and unequalled advantages to consumptives, not only possessing the best medical and hygienic means of treatment, but having the essential advantage of being situated in a climate where the inhabitants are notably free from this disease.—[*Com.*]

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from the Paris Exposition, says: "The Jury on Musical Instruments, composed of many of the most celebrated European experts, and of which Dr. FRANZ LISZT is the honorary president, were especially pleased with the magnificent display of the ESTEY ORGAN COMPANY. They repeatedly visited and tested their instruments, and made them the standard of excellence by which all others of their class were judged. The jury regretted that ESTEY & Co., who are by far the largest American exporters of Cabinet Organs, were *hors concours*, but it is the well-known policy of this house never to compete for prizes. Had they done so, there can be little doubt that another grand prize, or at least a gold medal, would have been added to the list of awards to the United States."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

DONT NEGLECT YOUR TEETH

IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF GIRLHOOD

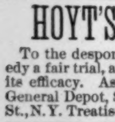
Preserve the beauty of the teeth with **SOZODONT**, and then, when the hair is silvered and the eyes dimmed with years, the mouth will still reveal two glittering rows of unsullied ivory.

SOZODONT

Is a wholesome Botanical preparation and has a refreshing effect upon the mouth. *Repulsive Breath*, arising from Catarrh or use of tobacco and liquors, is completely neutralized by the use of Sozodont. It removes discolorations, imparts a glittering whiteness to the enamel, and renders the decomposition of the teeth impossible.

HOYT'S DYSPEPSIA CURE.

To the despondent Dyspeptic we say give this remedy a fair trial, and be convinced. Thousands testify of its efficacy. Ask your Druggist for it, or send to the General Depot, STARR H. AMBLER & CO., 36 Vesey St., N.Y. Treatise on Dyspepsia sent free on application.



C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome St., N.Y.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

CRICKET.

Photographs of Australian and Philadelphia Cricket Clubs taken on the ground. Wholesale and Retail, by **R. NEWELL & SON, 626 Arch St., Philadelphia.**

65 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit, 10c. L. C. COE & CO., Bristol, Conn.

Dear Sirs,—I have been suffering for a long time with what physicians call disease of the prostate gland, and retention of urine, and was unable to obtain any relief until I used Constitution Water, which began to produce its curative effects after taking one or two doses, and no man can be more grateful than I at the results—having suffered all that a man could suffer and live, and rather than to be deprived of the medicine, I would be willing to pay *fifty dollars* a bottle for it.

It has not only cured me, but several other officers in my district have been cured by it, and I would recommend everybody suffering from any disease of the kidneys to use Constitution Water.

RICHARD LUSH.
Sergeant 9th Ward Police.
NEW YORK CITY.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—For two years I suffered with backache to such an extent that I was unable to give my business the attention it required. The physicians to whom I applied gave me no relief. Two bottles of Constitution Water cured me in about three weeks. I say cured, because it is now more than a year since I have taken any of the medicine, and there has been no return of the trouble. Yours respectfully,

GEORGE TURNEY.

NEW YORK.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—I have been afflicted with inflammation of the kidneys, with severe pain in the back. A friend advised me to try a bottle of Constitution Water. I procured a bottle, and after taking the contents of half the bottle, to my astonishment the pain had left me. I am now as well as ever I was. Yours truly, H. B. KIRK,
58 Fulton Street, N. Y.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—Constitution Water has done all you said it would for diabetes. Its curative properties are most wonderful. Many thanks for the interest you have manifested, and the promptness with which you have answered all questions. If you are a parent, you can fully appreciate my feelings towards you. With my best wishes for your success, I am most respectfully yours,

A. B. CORWINE.

DANBURY, CONN.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—I feel it to be my duty to make the following statement in regard to Constitution Water. Having been treated by our best physicians for inflammation of the kidneys and disease of the heart, and with little or no relief, I was induced to try Constitution Water, and in twenty-four hours was feeling better. In a week the swelling was gone from my limbs, and I had my boots on, walking about. Have used but three bottles, and to-day am as well as I ever was in all my life. Very truly yours,

FREDERICK F. WOOD.

WYSORE, BRADFORD CO., PA.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN, New York:

Dear Sirs,—I find the Constitution Water an excellent remedy for the diseases for which it is recommended. I have used a considerable of it in my practice with entire success. I have on hand a case of enlarged prostate gland, with irritability of the neck of the bladder, which I cannot relieve with anything as well as Constitution Water. You will please send me one half dozen bottles by express as soon as possible. I expect you to make the usual discount which you make to druggists and physicians, to be collected by the express company on delivery of the goods.

OLIVER D. STYLES, M.D.

CHILDHOOD WEAKNESS.

SCARCELY any child from three to eight years of age can retain its urine during the night. The mother or nurse, on putting the little fellows in bed at night, caution them, but it is of no use, they cannot help it. It is not only disagreeable to themselves, but ruins the bedding. One bottle of Constitution Water, given in doses of fifteen to forty drops (according to age), three times a day, morning, noon, and night, will surely cure this troublesome disease of childhood.

Constitution Water has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician.

40 DROPS OF **Constitution Water,**
THREE TIMES A DAY,
CURES
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
STONE IN THE BLADDER,
CATARRH OF THE BLADDER,
DIABETES, GRAVEL,
BRICKDUST DEPOSIT.

For Female Complaints a Specialty.

For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.

MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

BURNETT'S

BURNETT'S
COCOAINE
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
HAIR DRESSING
IN THE WORLD.

COCOAINE
FOR THE HAIR

IT SOFTENS THE HAIR WHEN HARSH AND DRY. IT SOOTHES THE IRRITATED SCALP. IT AFFORDS THE RICHEST LUSTRE. IT PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OFF. IT PROMOTES ITS HEALTHY, VIGOROUS GROWTH. IT IS NOT GREASY NOR STICKY. IT LEAVES NO DISAGREEABLE ODOR. IT KILLS DANDRUFF.

Walter Baker & Co.,

BOSTON,

Have been awarded the highest premium, a

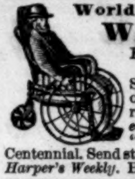
GOLD MEDAL,

For the superiority and excellence of their

Preparations of Chocolate and Cocoa,

AT THE

Paris Exhibition, 1878.



World's ONLY Manufacturer of WHEEL CHAIRS Exclusively. All Styles and Sizes for **Invalids' and Cripples'** Self-propulsion by means of hands only, in and out-doors. Comfort, durability, and ease of movement *unequalled*. Patentee and Maker of the "Rolling Chairs" pushed about at the Centennial. Send stamp for Ill'd Catalogue, and mention *Harper's Weekly*. HERBERT S. SMITH, 32 Platt St., N.Y.

BEWARE of COUNTERFEITS & IMITATIONS!

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

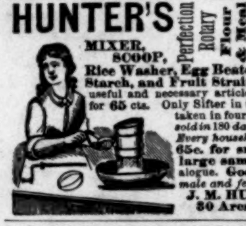
L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent,
P. O. Box 1029. No. 78 John St., N. Y.

KURTZ Portraits,

MADISON SQUARE.

BRANCH:
Old Post-Office Building,
Nassau Street.

HUNTER'S Perfection Rotary Flour & Meal SIFTER



MIXER, SCOOP, MEASURE, WEIGHER, Rice Washer, Egg Beater, Tomato, Wine, Starch, and Fruit Strainer. 11 of the most useful and necessary articles combined and sold for 65 cts. Only Sifter in the world that can be taken in four parts to clean. 75,000 *sold in 180 days.* 200,000 *now in use. Every housekeeper wants it.* Send **65c. for small or $1.00 for large sample,** or stamp for catalogue. **Good Agents wanted** *male and female.*

J. M. HUNTER, Sole Manf'r, **30 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.**

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES

CHINA WORKS, STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

Also, The **CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE Co's** Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.

THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
604 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
The only representatives in the United States for the above firms.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND STEREOPTICONS

PUBLIC, SUNDAY-SCHOOL & HOME EXHIBITIONS
120 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE
VIEWS ILLUSTRATING ALL SUBJECTS
C. T. MILLIGAN.
728 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADA.

TELESCOPES AT REDUCED PRICES. Opera Glasses, Microscopes, Spectacles, Thermometers. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. **R. & J. BECK, 921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.**

PLAYS, Tableaux, Dialogues, Recitations, Colored Fire, Wigs, Moustaches, &c. Catalogues sent free by **Happy Hours Company, No. 5 Beekman St., New York.**

FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

1. **IS HE POPENJOY?** A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 15 cents.

   Anthony Trollope has never written a more satisfactory novel.—*N. Y. Herald.*

2. **HISTORY OF A CRIME.** By VICTOR HUGO. 10 cents.

   A terribly fascinating narrative.—*Advance*, Chicago.

3. **THE RUSSIANS OF TO-DAY.** 10 cts.

   A book that everybody should read.—*N. Y. Herald.*

4. **PAUL KNOX, PITMAN.** A Novel. By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD. 10 cents.

   A strong book.—*Springfield Republican.*

5. **MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.** A Novel. By the Author of "The Sun-Maid." 10 cents.

   It tells its story well and spiritedly.—*Academy*, Lond.

6. **HENRIETTE.** A Novel. By ERNEST DAUDET. Translated by LAURA E. KENDALL. 10 cents.

   Far above the level of common-place novels.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

7. **CHRISTINE BROWNLEE'S ORDEAL.** A Novel. By MARY PATRICK. 15 cents.

   A charming and refined story.—*Portland Press.*

8. **A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.** A Romance. By LEON BROOK. 10 cents.

   The pleasure derived from this story is only equalled by the wit of the author.—*Troy Whig.*

9. **HONOR'S WORTH.** A Novel. By META ORRED. 15 cents.

   Can hardly fail to give much satisfaction to all readers.—*Philadelphia North American.*

10. **KINGSDENE.** A Novel. By the Hon. Mrs. FETHERSTONHAUGH. 10 cents.

    A readable and attractive story.—*Jewish Messenger*, N. Y.

11. **CLEVEDEN.** A Novel. By STEPHEN YORKE. 10 cents.

    "This is a refined and dainty production, admirably written and of a high tone of sentiment."

12. **THE PEOPLE OF TURKEY:** Twenty Years' Residence among Bulgarians, Greeks, Albanians, Turks, and Armenians. By a Consul's Daughter and Wife. Edited by STANLEY LANE POOLE. 15 cents.

    Full of interesting details about the Turkish people and their life.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

13. **THE YOUNG DUKE.** A Novel. By BENJAMIN DISRAELI (The Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.). 15 cents.

    The story will be read with pleasure from the first page to the last.—*Brooklyn Times.*

14. **HAVERHOLME; or, The Apotheosis of Jingo.** A Satire. By EDWARD JENKINS. 10 cents.

    "A vigorous satire on Disraeli and the political party which he represents."

15. **"BONNIE LESLEY."** A Novel. By Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN. 15 cents.

    There is no praise too high for Mrs. Martin's delightful story.—*Academy*, London.

16. **THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.** Two Portraits. 10 cts.

    "An interesting sketch of the literary and political career of a wonderful man."

17. **SELECTED POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.** 10 cents.

    Mr. Arnold hardly ever paints a lovely scene without some phrase which adds to your knowledge of its charm.—*Spectator*, London.

18. **THE BUBBLE REPUTATION.** A Novel. By KATHARINE KING. 15 cents.

    Miss King has given us in "The Bubble Reputation" a very good work.—*Examiner*, London.

19. **AMONG ALIENS.** A Novel. By Mrs. FRANCES E. TROLLOPE. Illustrated. 15 cts.

    "One of Mrs. Trollope's most beautiful and charming stories, full of character and incident."

20. **GUY LIVINGSTONE; or "Thorough."** A Novel. By GEO. A. LAWRENCE. 10 cents.

    All who are fond of an intensely interesting story should take up "Guy Livingstone."—*Boston Post.*

21. **TIME SHALL TRY.** A Novel. By F. E. M. NOTLEY. 15 cents.

    "A story of absorbing interest, which will be perused with pleasure by the most exacting reader."

22. **EVELINA.** A Novel. By FRANCES BURNEY (Madame D'ARBLAY). 15 cents.

    Miss Burney is a real wonder. What she is, she is intuitively.—Dr. JOHNSON.

23. **THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY.** A Novel. 10 cents. (*Nearly Ready.*)

    "Full of incident and sparkling with wit."

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ A 32 column monthly STORY PAPER a year with 50 printed Gold Leaf Cards, FREE in GEM case, 25 cts. Eagle Printing Co., Springfield, Mass.

25 *Styles of* CARDS, 10c.; 18 *Best* CHROMOS, 10c., with name. *Outfit*, 10c. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

Rogers' Statuary.
$10 and upward.
"THE PHOTOGRAPH."
Price $15 for the Pair.
Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10c. to
JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway, N. Y.,
Corner 27th Street.

THE FIRST
Japanese M'f'g and Trading Co.,
OF TOKIO, JAPAN,
The only Importers direct from their own and other manufactories in all parts of Japan. They are constantly in receipt of Invoices of every variety of Japanese Goods. Wholesale and Retail.
865 Broadway, New York City.

A GOOD
STEM WINDING WATCH!

This is the biggest bargain ever offered in Watches in this country. They all have *fine English* NICKEL *works, heavy bevelled-edge pebble crystal front, and the cases are genuine* **Allanoid,** which has just taken the first prize as the nearest and best imitation of GENUINE GOLD; in fact, this Watch exactly resembles a $100 Gold Watch. It is a **Stem Winder** (no key to carry around and lose); it is guaranteed a **first class and accurate time-keeper,** and would be cheap at $15. Our price is **$6.50** by express, or **$6.75** by registered mail. For sportsmen who do not wish to carry their expensive Watch on gunning trips, this is specially adapted, and the difference would never be detected. **No. 2** is a similar Watch to above, key winder, sunk second, *full hunter's case*, and **genuine full jewelled American works,** same as in a fine gold or silver Watch, and is an exact counterpart of a $150 Gold Watch. Price, **$8;** by registered mail, **$8.25. No. 4** is the same in **SOLID COIN SILVER** cases, ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED, and as good as any $25 Watch in America. Price, **$11;** by registered mail, **$11.25.** The above Watches are guaranteed by us *in every respect.* They were taken by us in exchange for other goods, and are offered for the next 60 days to close them out at lower prices than were ever quoted on similar goods. **Satisfaction guaranteed. C. W. Turner & Ross,** DEALERS IN FIRE ARMS, SPORTING GOODS, &c., **93 Water St., Boston, Mass.**

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.
CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

A NEW HORSE SHOE.
MADE OF WELDED STEEL AND IRON, WITH CONTINUOUS CALK.

Acknowledged by **Veterinary Surgeons, Prominent Horsemen,** and **all** who have used it, to be **the best shoe in the world.** It is a continuation of the shell of the hoof, and gives an equal bearing all around. **It prevents interfering, lameness,** and **all evils** resulting from the use of the ordinary shoe. By its use horses having **quarter cracks, tender feet,** and **corns travel** with **perfect ease.** Trial set, with nails, sent on receipt of $1 00. Send for illustrated pamphlet to THE JOHN D. BILLING'S PATENT HORSE SHOE CO., 265 Broadway, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT.
I Want 1000 Agents to Canvass for
THE COMPLETE HERBALIST.
I will give such terms and furnish such advertising facilities that no man need make less than $200 per month, and all expenses—no matter whether he ever canvassed before or not. Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, New Jersey, and full particulars will be sent by return mail.

TRY WHEATCROFT'S IMPERIAL.
LAGER BEER.
FAMILIE'S PROMPTLY SUPPLIED.
$1.10 PER 2 DOZ BOX.
IMPERIAL BOTTLING CO. 69 EAST 87 ST.

THE SCIENTIFIC NEWS.—Upon receipt of postal card, with address, *The Scientific News* will be sent free by mail till January, 1879. Its columns are filled with Engravings and useful information concerning the Industrial Arts, Popular Science, New Inventions, Patents, Practical Mechanics, Chemical, and other discoveries; also valuable Workshop and Family Hints and Receipts. It is an interesting and valuable paper. Send for it. Address
S. H. WALES & SON, 10 Spruce St., N. Y.
A Manual of Advice to Inventors sent Free.

COMPOUND OXYGEN The new cure for *Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Headache, etc.,* by a *revitalizing process.* **REMARKABLE CURES** *have been made in Chronic and Nervous Diseases, which are attracting wide attention.* **REFER BY PERMISSION** To Rt. Rev. Jno. J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va.; Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Gen. Fitz Henry Warren, T. S. Arthur, and others who have used and *been largely benefited by this treatment.* **SENT FREE!** Brochure [200 pp.] with many testimonials to *most remarkable cures.* DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Phila.

AGENTS READ THIS.
We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address **SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.**

$350 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—36 best selling articles in the world; one sample *free.* Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

STANDARD TEXT-BOOKS.

LOOMIS'S
HIGHER MATHEMATICS,
ASTRONOMY, AND METEOROLOGY.

	Mailing Price.	*Introduction.*	*Exchange.*
Elements of Algebra. Revised,	$1 05	$0 68	$0 60
Treatise on Algebra. Revised,	1 17	75	67
Algebraic Problems and Examples,	1 05	68	60
Elements of Geometry. Revised,	1 17	75	67
Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry,	1 17	75	67
Tables of Logarithms,	1 17	75	67
Trigonometry and Tables in one vol.,	1 75	1 12	1 00
Elements of Analytical Geometry. Revised,	1 17	75	67
Elements of Calculus. Revised,	1 17	75	67
Analytical Geometry and Calculus in one vol.,	2 05	1 35	1 20
Elements of Astronomy,	1 17	75	67
Treatise on Astronomy,	1 75	1 12	1 00
Practical Astronomy,	1 75	1 12	1 00
Elements of Meteorology,	1 75	1 12	1 00

Prof. Loomis's text-books have been in use for more than twenty years in many of the leading colleges, and in numerous private schools, academies, and high schools in every State of the Union. They bear the test of the class-room.

☞ Special attention is invited to those volumes that have been revised and enlarged, and to the "Algebraic Problems and Examples," which has recently been added to the series.

From M. L. COMSTOCK, *Professor of Mathematics in Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.*

I take pleasure in saying that the course of Mathematics prepared by Professor Elias Loomis has been used in Knox College many years: and I have in consequence become very familiar with the Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Analytical Geometry, and Calculus.

It is my conviction that for general college use, this is the best course yet published. There may be single works more complete in certain branches, as Chauvenet's Trigonometry, or more critical, as Courtenay's Calculus, but these are but parts of courses. There are courses more voluminous, doubtless, but none which uniformly exhibit such clear and succinct statements of the truths taught.

The Algebra embraces all the subjects necessary to be known by the average scholar; the Geometry preserves much of the spirit of Euclid, the perfect model, as far as it goes, of that science; the Trigonometry is practical yet thoroughly scientific in its methods, while the new editions of the Analytical Geometry and Calculus are gems in their respective departments. Just as ought to be the case with college text-books, these mathematical works are suggestive rather than exhaustive.

These opinions are not the result of a hasty examination, but of most rigid scrutiny in the class-room, in some instances for nearly twenty years. So I speak as I think I have a right to speak, *ex cathedra.*

I have used in the class-room, either completely or in part, and have in my possession for frequent reference, four or five of the prominent courses of Mathematics in common use, but I must give my preference to Loomis.

From R. W. MCFARLAND, *Professor of Mathematics, Ohio State University, Columbus.*

I began to use Loomis's books in 1853 in my classes, and as soon as a new book appeared, belonging to my department, it was introduced, and I have continued their use all the time to date, and now see no reason for any change.

In speaking further of the merits of the series, Prof. McFarland says:

1st. They are exceedingly well adapted to the average class of students in college.
  a. Because the explanations are plain and to the point.
  b. The examples are progressive, in regular order from the simple to the complex.
  c. Examples are neither in excess nor defect, and many miscellaneous ones are given at the close of the volumes as an aid in applying the principles before elucidated.
  d. Numerical examples are followed by literal, which to the average mind is by far the best way.
2d. They do not err by attempting to teach all that is known on any given topic. The finished scholar does not confine himself to any one book; if he did, the term finished might be used in another sense.
3d. The successive editions are improvements as far as the nature of the subjects will admit.
4th. The student does not have to unlearn what his book has taught him, which statement cannot be properly made of many text-books in common use.

These general remarks are intended especially to apply to the works I have used in the class-room, viz., Geometry, Algebra, Trigonometry with its applications, Analytical Geometry and Calculus, and Treatise on Astronomy. But the other books of the series are gotten up on the same plan, and are worthy of the same commendation.

From C. H. CHURCHILL, *Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Oberlin College, Oberlin, O.*

We have used Loomis's treatises, or rather his series of mathematical works, in this college many years, and prize them highly. They are concise, definite, and clear, and educate the student to great precision, both of conception and of expression.

As regards the book of supplementary examples, they are ingenious and apt, and just intricate enough to afford stimulus to the advancing student.

From S. F. BRECKENRIDGE, *Professor of Mathematics; Wittenberg College, Springfield, O.*

Loomis's text-books have been in use in Wittenberg College for more than a score of years. In all that time we have never had any reason to make a change. For my own part I do not know a series that could advantageously take the place of Loomis's books. They strike that happy mean, so difficult to attain, of having just enough matter, neither too much nor too little. One dare not "skip," and there is no occasion to add anything for those who have only the time usually devoted in colleges to mathematical study. In a word, they are admirable text-books for any college in the land.

A catalogue and descriptive circulars of our school and college text-books will be mailed free to any teacher or school-officer on application. Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms of introduction, &c., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

OPIUM
Habit Cured.
A CERTAIN AND SURE CURE.
Large Reduction in Prices. *A Trial Bottle Free.*
MRS. J. A. DROLLINGER, LAPORTE, IND.
Box 1038. (Formerly Mrs. Dr. S. B. Collins.)

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses selling to DEALERS SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to insure answer. CIGARS S. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS Wanted to sell Dr. Chase's 2000 Recipe Book. *New Price-List.* You double your money. Address Dr. CHASE'S Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

$66 A week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

Cheapest Toy Lantern to Best Stereopticon
MAGIC LANTERN AND 60 VIEWS ONLY $25.
CATALOGUE FREE! OUTFITS WANTED!
Great Needham Musical Marvel. { THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Philada., Pa.

FREE! FREE! FREE! An immense Descriptive Catalogue of Novels, Song Books, Music, Negro Farces, Acting Plays, Letter Writers, Fortune Tellers, Reciters, Cook Books, Speakers, Dialogues, Joke Books, Ready Reckoners, Playing Cards, Books on Magic, Ventriloquism, Swimming, Boxing, Draughts, Cricket, Base Ball; Clog Shoes, Burnt Cork, Wigs, Face Preparations, &c., unequalled and unattainable elsewhere. Mailed free upon application to C. T. DE WITT, Publisher, 33 Rose St., N. Y.

☞ A beautiful JAPANESE HANDKERCHIEF, equal in finish to the finest silk. FREE for Stamp. W. HILL & CO., Ashland, Mass.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OPERATIVE SURGERY AND SURGICAL PATHOLOGY. By J. M. CARNOCHAN, M.D. With Illustrations drawn from Nature. Parts IV. and V. (double number), $1 00; Part III. 75 cents; Parts I. and II. (double number), $1 00.

II.

THE CERAMIC ART. A Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain. By JENNIE J. YOUNG. With 464 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

III.

SCIENTIFIC MEMOIRS, being Experimental Contributions to a Knowledge of Radiant Energy. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., President of the Faculty of Science in the University of New York, Author of "A Treatise on Human Physiology," "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," "History of the American Civil War," &c. With a Portrait. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

IV.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ANCIENT LITERATURE, Oriental and Classical: Accompanied with Engravings and Colored Maps. By JOHN D. QUACKENBOS, A.M., M.D. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

V.

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. With Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, 70 cents.

Uniform with *Rolfe's English Classics:* The Merchant of Venice.—Julius Cæsar.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Richard II.—Macbeth.—A Midsummer-Night's Dream.—Henry V.—As You Like It.—Goldsmith's Select Poems.—Gray's Select Poems. Square 16mo, Cloth, Illustrated, 70 cents per volume; Paper, 50 cents per volume.

VI.

A PRIMER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: Classical Period. By EUGENE LAWRENCE. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents. Uniform with *Lawrence's Primers of Greek, Latin, and Mediæval Literature.*

VII.

VILLAGES AND VILLAGE LIFE, with Hints for their Improvement. By NATHANIEL HILLYER EGLESTON. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

VIII.

SELECTED POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD. 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

IX.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. With Two Portraits. 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

X.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY. From *The Spectator.* With Notes by W. HENRY WILLS. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ *These Novels are in Paper, except where otherwise specified.*

Evelina. By FRANCES BURNEY (Madame D'ARBLAY). 15 cents.

Cousin Polly's Gold Mine. By Mrs. A. E. PORTER. 40 cents.

Time Shall Try. By F. E. M. NOTLEY. 15 cents.

Behind Blue Glasses. By F. W. HACKLÄNDER. Translated by Mary A. Robinson. 20 cents.

Like unto Like. By SHERWOOD BONNER. 75 cents.

The Romance of a Back Street. By F. W. ROBINSON. 15 cents.

Guy Livingstone; or, "Thorough." By GEORGE A. LAWRENCE. 10 cents.

Among Aliens. By Mrs. F. E. TROLLOPE. Illustrated. 15 cents.

Old Slip Warehouse. By MARY A. DENISON. 60 cents.

The Bubble Reputation. By KATHARINE KING. 15 cts.

Professor Pressensee. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. 25 cts.

Blush Roses. By CLARA FRANCIS MORSE. 50 cents.

"Bonnie Lesley." By Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN. 15 cts.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES
AND INVALIDS.
Use WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA. For **Consumption, Weak Lungs, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis** and General Debility it is an acknowledged Specific Remedy, proved by 20 years' experience. **TRY IT.**
Price, $1 and $2 per bottle. Prepared only by
WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
Sold by Druggists. **36 John St., New York.**

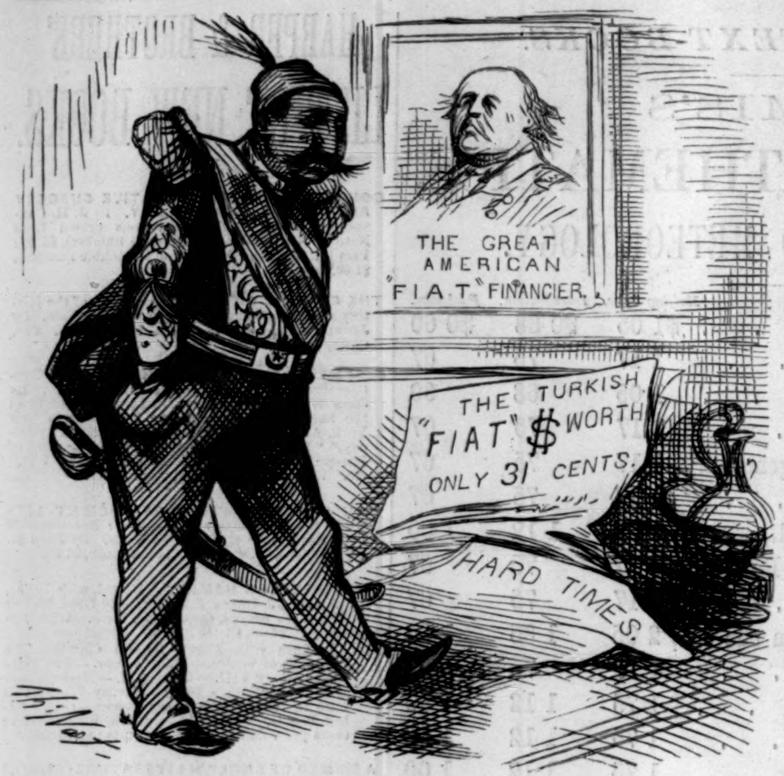
$15 SHOT GUN! A double-barrel gun, bar or front action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, & a good shooter, or **no sale;** with Flask, Pouch, and a Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C.O.D. with privilege to examine before paying. Send stamp for Catalogue. **Reduced Prices and Large Discounts.** P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main St., Cincinnati.

GOLD Any worker can make $12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

BIG PAY.—With Stencil Outfits. What costs 4 cts. sells rapidly for 50 cts. Catalogue *free.* S. M. SPENCER, 112 Wash'n St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS.—BOSTON NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass., M'f'rs of Notions, Novelties. Catalogue free.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.


THE GREAT AMERICAN "FIAT" FINANCIER.
THE TURKISH "FIAT" $ WORTH ONLY 31 CENTS.
HARD TIMES.
Th: Nast

ABROAD THEY *DO* CARE FOR US.

SULTAN. "Shall I bear the ills I have, or—send for BUTLER?"

FLORILINE.

"FLORILINE."—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalculæ," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath.

THE FRAGRANT "FLORILINE"

removes instantly all odors arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke. Being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry.

Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, No. 493 Oxford Street, London, England, and retailed everywhere.

THE

Meriden Britannia Co.,

46 East 14th Street,

UNION SQUARE, N. Y.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

1847, ROGERS BROTHERS'

Silver-Plated Spoons, Forks, Table Cutlery.

Also complete assortment of Fine

Silver-Plated Ware.

WARNER BRO'S CORSETS

received the Highest Medal at the recent

PARIS EXPOSITION,

over all American competitors. Their **FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET** (120 Bones) fits with perfect ease, and is *warranted* not to break down over the hips. Their **HEALTH CORSET**, with its improved Bust, is now a greater favorite than ever. Their **NURSING CORSET** is the delight of every mother.

For sale by all leading merchants.

WARNER BRO'S, 351 Broadway, N.Y.

UNION ADAMS,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

1127 Broadway,

Bet. 25th and 26th Sts., NEW YORK.

"DOMESTIC"
SO SIMPLE IT REQUIRES NO CARE
SO PERFECT IT NEVER FAILS TO PLEASE.
I AM THE LIGHT RUNNING "DOMESTIC"
SO STRONG IT NEVER WEARS OUT
SO LIGHT A CHILD CAN RUN IT.
"DOMESTIC"
"DOMESTIC"
"DOMESTIC"

PIANOS AND ORGANS AT FACTORY PRICES. Great Reduction to close out present stock of 200 New and Second-hand Instruments of first-class makers, fully Warranted, and at prices that DEFY COMPETITION, for cash or instalments. AGENTS WANTED for WATERS' SUPERIOR BELL ORGANS and PIANOS. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 E. 14th St., N. Y. Also General Agts. for SHONINGERS' celebrated ORGANS.

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

Is a composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the vegetable kingdom. It cleanses, beautifies, and preserves the **TEETH**, hardens and invigorates the gums, and cools and refreshes the mouth. Every ingredient of this **Balsamic** dentifrice has a beneficial effect on the **Teeth and Gums. Impure Breath**, caused by neglected teeth, catarrh, tobacco, or spirits, is not only neutralized, but rendered fragrant, by the daily use of **SOZODONT.** It is as harmless as water, and has been indorsed by the most scientific men of the day. Sold by druggists.

THE TASTELESS REGULATOR.
THE LOZENGE LAXATIVE.

LAXATINE

The best preparation of MAGNESIA made into delightfully flavored LOZENGES, being one of the most useful and reliable **Laxative Medicines**, suitable for all ages and conditions, for regulating the bowels, and for the prevention, immediate relief and permanent cure of **Constipation, HEMORRHOIDS or PILES,** BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, FLATULENCY, ACIDITY and HEARTBURN; it is also most valuable as a **Spring Medicine.**

Price 25 cts. per box.

Sold by all Druggists or mailed FREE on receipt of price by DUNDAS DICK & Co., 35 Wooster St., New York. Explanatory circular FREE on application.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

FOR 1878.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year........	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " "	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " "	4 00
The THREE publications, one year........	10 00
Any TWO, one year........	7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year........	20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Number for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the WEEKLY, Outside Page, $3 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the BAZAR, $1 00 a line. Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

To avoid imposition, purchasers of Waltham Watches will observe that every genuine watch, whether gold or silver, bears our trade-mark on both case and movement.

Gold cases are stamped "A.W. Co.," and guarantee certificates accompany them. Silver cases are stamped "Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass., *Sterling Silver*," and are accompanied by guarantee certificates, signed R. E. Robbins, Treasurer. The name "Waltham" is plainly engraved upon all movements, irrespective of other distinguishing marks.

Our movements are frequently taken out of their cases and placed in spurious ones, and our cases put upon worthless movements of other makers—thus vitiating our guarantee, which only covers our complete watches.

We have demonstrated by frequent assays that many gold and silver cases offered in the market are debased from 10 *to* 20 *per cent. from the quality they assume to be.*

"Eighteen carat" gold, such as the Waltham cases are made of, is as nearly pure gold as can be made and be durable. It contains 750-1000 of pure gold, and 250-1000 of alloy.

Sterling Silver (English Govt. standard) contains 925-1000 of pure silver, and 75-1000 of alloy. The Waltham Watches will always be found *up to the standard* represented.

For AMERICAN WATCH CO.,

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
General Agents,
NEW YORK.

DO YOUR OWN Printing! THE EXCELSIOR **$3 Press** Prints labels, cards etc. (Self-inker $5) 9 Larger sizes For business, pleasure, young or old Catalogue of Presses, Type, Etc., for 2 stamps. KELSEY & Co. Meriden, Conn

FISHERMEN!

TWINES AND NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.

☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

BURNETT'S

FRAGRANT
Lasting Delicate
REFRESHING

COLOGNE

FOR SALE BY

PARK & TILFORD,
ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT,
GEORGE SLOANE & CO.,
R. H. MACY & CO.,
And all respectable Grocers and Druggists.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE DEPOT.

H. C. PARKE, 186 Front St., Between Fulton St. and Burling Slip, N. Y. *Rich Porcelains, Bronzes, Enamels, and Screens.*

Harper's New and Enlarged Catalogue

WITH A COMPLETE ANALYTICAL INDEX,

AND A

VISITORS' GUIDE TO THEIR ESTABLISHMENT,

Sent by mail on receipt of NINE CENTS.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

PERRY & Co.'s STEEL PENS.

A sample box, for trial, containing our leading styles, including the famous "U" and "Falcon" Pens, mailed on receipt of 25 cts.

Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., Sole Agents for U.S., New York.

PAYS well on small investments; MAGIC LANTERNS and STEREOPTICONS of all kinds and prices; views illustrating every subject for *public exhibition and parlor entertainments.* 74-page Catalogue free. Centennial medal. McALLISTER, 49 Nassau St., New York.

PATENTS For Inventors by T. H. ALEXANDER & ELLIOTT, Solicitors, Washington, D. C. (Established 1857.) **Send for Hints to Inventors (free).**

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT Trade Mark Patented

The Greatest Strike Yet.—Everywhere the sick are striking against metallic medicines and powerful vegetable poisons. Everywhere they are strong in the belief that a Constitutional Invigorant—a preparation uniting the properties of a tonic, a gentle purgative, a blood depurent, a sedative, and general regulator is absolutely necessary in all diseases. Everywhere they are coming to the conclusion that

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Is precisely such a preparation. Within the past year thousands of families have adopted it as a household Remedy—discarding all the drugs they had previously taken and administered to their children. In general debility, nervousness, liver complaint, constipation, indigestion, rheumatism, and fevers, it is indeed a marvellous medicine. Sold by all druggists.

HARPER'S LIBRARY OF AMERICAN FICTION.

Their cheapness, and clean, neat appearance, as well as their literary merits, will make them attractive to readers of fiction.—*Lutheran Observer*, Philadelphia.

Deserving of popularity.—*Troy Times.*

A series which is drawing upon evidently the best literary talent in the country.—*N. Y. Express.*

To this series one looks with confidence for fresh, readable, and well-selected novels.—*Portland Press.*

1. ESTHER PENNEFATHER. A Novel. By ALICE PERRY. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

The incidents and characters of the book possess a fascination that is entirely unique.—*N. Y. Express.*

Full of strength and power.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

Of great power, and calculated to attract universal attention. Miss Perry has drawn a series of pictures that interest and fascinate.—*Boston Transcript.*

2. JUSTINE'S LOVERS. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

A remarkably interesting work. * * * The story is full of life and humor.—*Independent*, N. Y.

Racy and vigorous.—*Boston Post.*

One of its minor merits is a happy gift of expression, a knack of crystallizing a thought in its most compact, precise, and translucent form.—*N. Y. Sun.*

3. MIRIAM'S HERITAGE. A Story of the Delaware River. By ALMA CALDER. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

May be ranked among the best of the more modern novels that have attempted to depict American life. It has many strong recommendations to favorable notice, but none more worthy than the pleasing unconventionality that distinguishes the conduct of the plot.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

4. MAG. A Story of To-Day. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

The touching plot is developed with a skill in which grace and delicacy are blended with vividness and force.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

Is entitled to a place among the most pleasing works of American fiction.—*Rochester Express.*

Strong in dramatic portraiture.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

5. COLONEL DUNWODDIE, MILLIONAIRE. A Story of To-Day. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Its characters are all finely drawn, and its pictures of Southern life since the war are admirably well done.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Here is a good American novel. * * * The story is well told, and one that is sprightly and clever and will fully interest the reader.—*Commercial Bulletin*, Boston.

6. KILROGAN COTTAGE. A Novel. By MATILDA DESPARD. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

Well written, and full of pleasing incidents. It is sufficiently exciting to hold the attention of the most exacting novel-reader.—*Albany Journal.*

A story of Irish life, with a good plot and a number of cleverly-depicted characters. * * * Told with much animation and skill.—*Saturday Eve. Gazette*, Boston.

7. BLUSH ROSES. A Novel. By CLARA FRANCIS MORSE. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A charmingly told love-story. * * * Any thing more natural and picturesque has not been written for a long time.—*N. Y. Express,*

The descriptive work is well done. It is as well attractive for its freshness and brightness, and its simple, unaffected style.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

8. OLD SLIP WAREHOUSE. A Novel. By MARY A. DENISON. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

"This is an unusually good novel, and contains several very effective scenes, worked out with admirable skill. The author is very felicitous in her style of expression, and shows remarkable delicacy and refinement throughout. The dialogue is terse, pointed, and dramatic."

9. LIKE UNTO LIKE. A Novel. By SHERWOOD BONNER. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

"This brilliant novel is from the pen of a writer of original genius, ripe cultivation, and artistic power. The purpose of the story is the illustration of Southern society after the close of the war. The style is animated and effective, and many passages are masterly in their pathos and power."

10. COUSIN POLLY'S GOLD MINE. A Novel. By Mrs. A. E. PORTER. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

"This work contains, in a series of idyllic pictures, a most charming description of rural life in New England. The love-story which runs through it forms a pastoral of rare beauty. Cousin Polly is one of the best drawn characters in American fiction."

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

"Harper's Library of American Fiction" will be supplied in half leather binding, paper sides, at 25 cents per volume, net, in addition to the price of the respective volumes in paper covers.

THE BOILING LAKE OF DOMINICA.

This great natural curiosity is situated among the forests of the central part of the island of Dominica, and so remote from the usual lines of travel as to have remained unknown even to the natives that dwell in the same region. Indeed, a correspondent to whom we are indebted for a description of the lake, on visiting it in company with several others, supposed for some time that he and his party were the first to discover it. Later on, however, he found the following paragraph in a medical work, written by Dr. **Clark**, a Fellow of the Royal Society, Edinburgh, and published in 1791, which clearly denotes the fact that the Boiling Lake was known to the inhabitants of Dominica at that time:

"Near the middle of this island, on the top of a high mountain, there is a much larger volcano than that now described [the Soufrière, at the southwestern end of the island]. It forms a hollow resembling a punch-bowl, and occupies a space of ground equal to twelve or fifteen acres. A small river of hot soufrière water issues from the volcano, having the same sensible qualities as those which have already been analyzed. I have seen and tasted the water near the sea-side [the Point Mulatre River]; but the description of the place is derived from the information of people who have been on the spot, as a journey to a part of the island so difficult of access was too fatiguing for me to undertake."

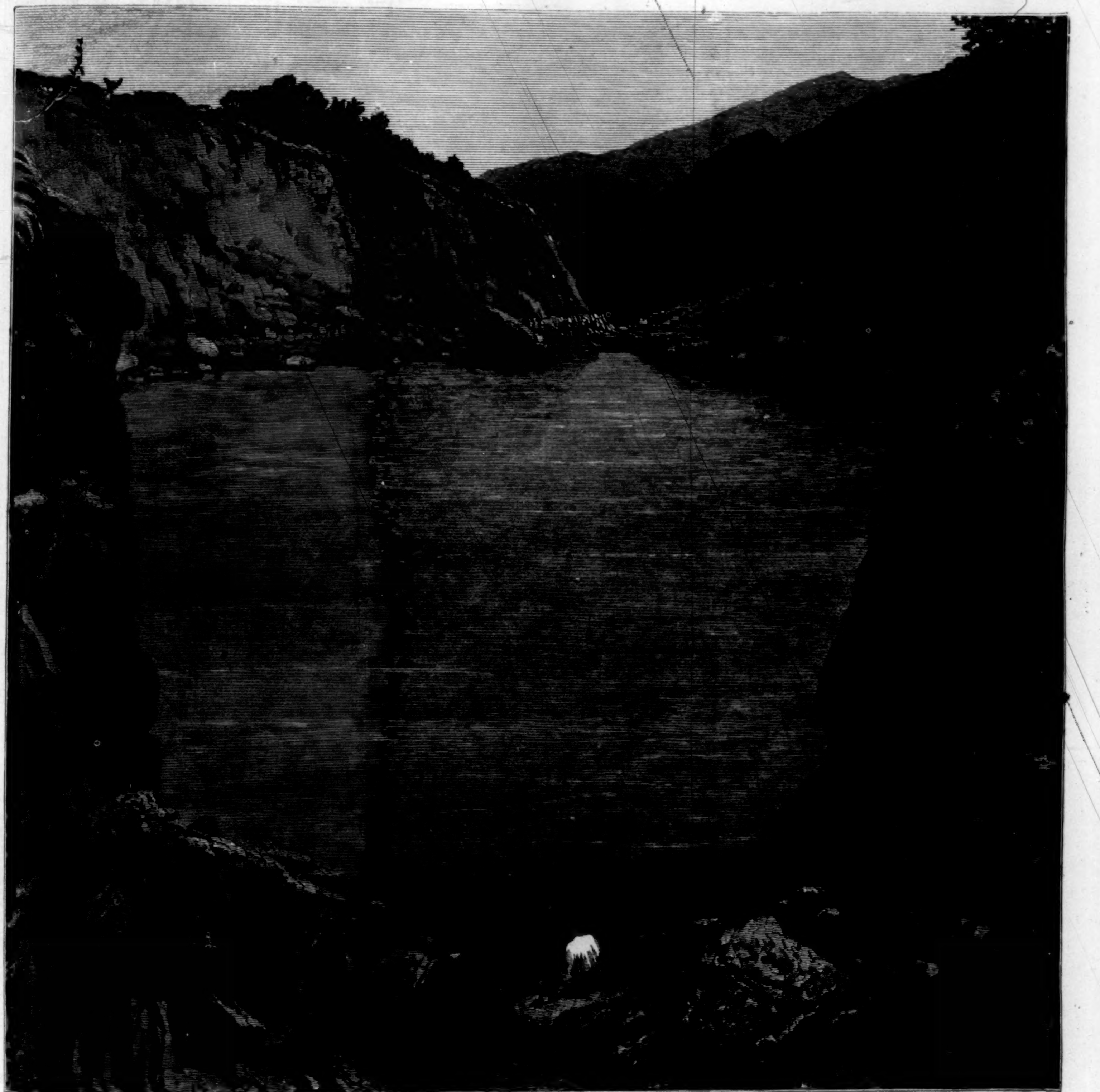
Had our correspondent looked further he might have found another volume, published in the same year, by **Thomas Atwood**, and entitled *The History of the Island of Dominica*, which alludes to this peculiar natural feature as follows: "Several of the mountains of this island are continually burning with sulphur, of which they emit vast quantities. From these mountains issue numbers of springs of mineral water, whose virtues are extolled for the cure of many disorders; in some places the water is so very hot as to boil an egg, etc., in less time than boiling water. These sulphurous mountains are certainly among the most wonderful phenomena of nature, and command our astonishment and admiration. To see vast tracts of land on fire, whose smoke, like clouds, stretches far around; brimstone in flames, like streams of water issuing from the sides of precipices; in the valleys large holes full of bituminous matter boiling and bubbling like a caldron, the earth trembling under the tread, and bursting out with loud explosions—are objects truly terrific to the beholders, who on the spot are struck with awe and admiration on viewing such dreadful works of the Almighty, who causes them to exist for purposes known only to Him."

The basin which contains the Boiling Lake is the crater of a volcano, the activity of which serves to keep the waters of one portion of it in constant ebullition. The height of the lake above the sea, as measured by the aneroid barometer, is 2425 feet, and the Grande Soufrière district, of which the Boiling Lake forms the centre, is situated on the eastern side of the range of mountains which traverses the length of the island. The volcanic region is in the depth of the forest, and the country around it is of the wildest and most rugged character. The lake is of an ovoid shape, and the point of ebullition, which is indicated by a raised conical mass of water several feet in height, is not in the centre, but toward the southwestern extremity. The clouds of vapor arising from the crater are sometimes so dense that it is impossible to see across the lake. The color of the water is a dull slate, and it holds in suspension sulphuretted hydrogen gas and sulphates of the alkaline earths. Upon the stones at the margin of the lake and on the sides of the cliff, which in some places is almost perpendicular, is a deposit many inches in breadth of a light yellow color. This is accounted for by the sulphur which here forms a precipitate. The temperature of the water at the margin of the lake is about 180° Fahrenheit, while toward the centre of the lake it is some four degrees higher. The atmosphere for miles around is impregnated with sulphurous fumes. The writer to whom we are indebted for the foregoing facts also says:

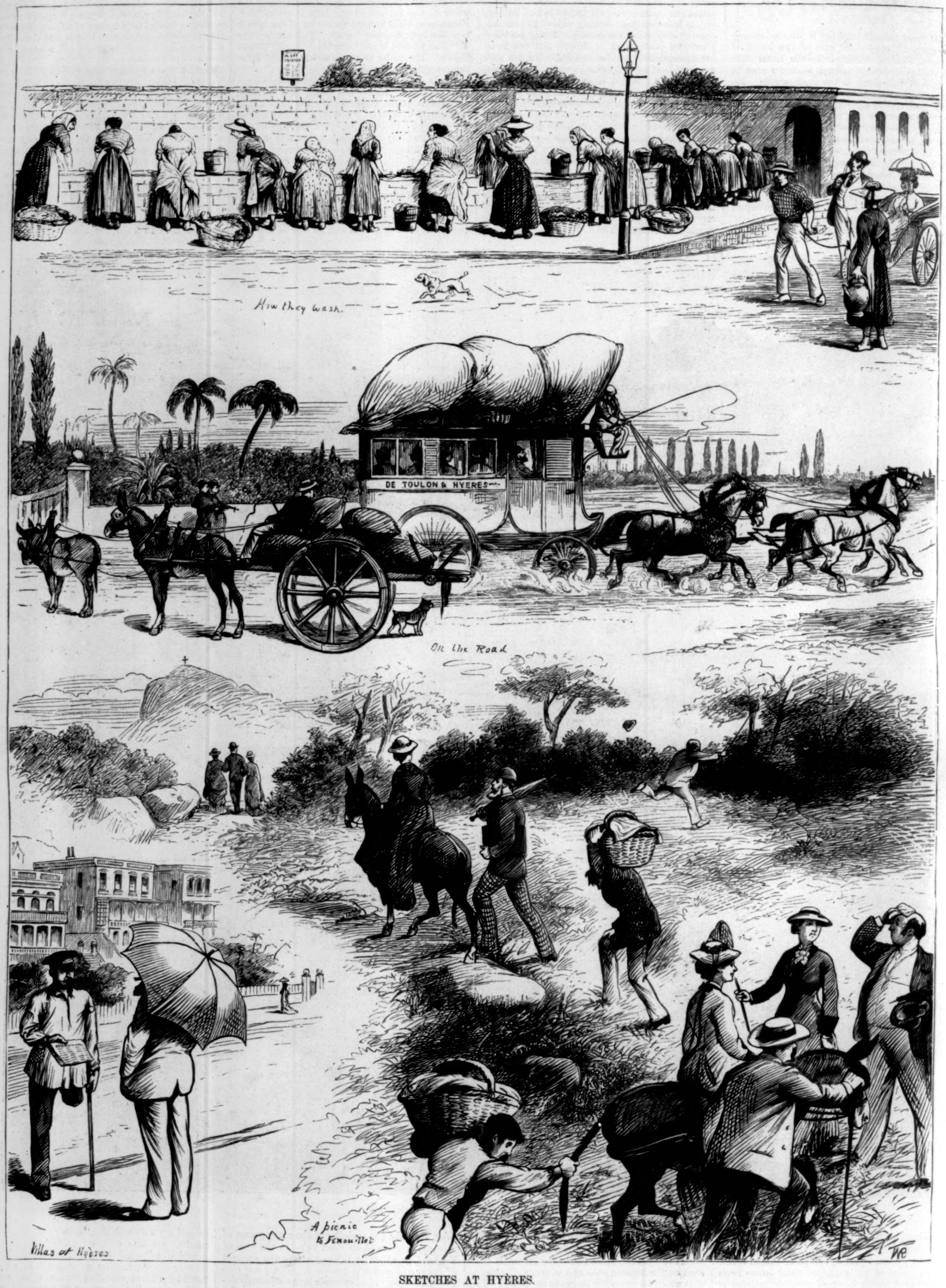
"It is to be regretted that no competent geologist has as yet visited this remarkable instance of volcanic action, for many curious facts might be brought to light by a scientific exploration of the district. Possibly, however, the publication of a picture of the Boiling Lake may be the means of bringing the phenomenon more to the notice of not only the geologist, but also of the tourist who is looking out for some new and hitherto unbeaten track."

In spite of the opinion held by our correspondent, it is doubtful if Dominica ever becomes an attractive place to those who travel merely for pleasure. The island is one of the Lesser Antilles, and, like the majority of the same group, of volcanic origin, and its chief value in the eyes of England, to which it belongs, is for the amount of sugar and coffee it produces. There are also numerous quarries of volcanic lava sufficiently durable for ordinary buildings. The length of the island is twenty-eight miles, but its mean breadth is not more than nine. The surface is rugged, and its mountains are among the highest in the Antilles. The valleys are very fertile and well watered. Dominica has upward of thirty rivers and numerous rivulets, sulphurous and thermal springs, and a deep fresh-water lake, situated some six miles from the principal town of Roseau. The soil of the valleys, having been washed down from the hills by the periodical rains, and mixed with decayed vegetable matter, has formed mould of a light brown color, which is highly productive.

The island of Dominica was first discovered by **Columbus** in 1498, and received its name in consequence of having been first seen on a Sunday. The right of occupancy was long claimed equally by England, Spain, and France, without active measures being taken by any of these powers for its exclusive possession, so that it was virtually a neutral ground until the year 1759, when its possession was assumed by the English. Their right to hold it was formally recognized in 1763 by the Treaty of Paris. On this occasion commissioners were sent out by the English government, who sold the unsettled lands by auction to the highest bidders. In this way nearly half the island was disposed of in small lots at prices amounting to about sixteen dollars per acre. Persons holding lands already settled were confirmed in their possession, and by leases granted for forty years at an annual rent of fifty cents per acre; these leases were also renewable, according to the pleasure of the holder. In 1778 Dominica was taken by a French squadron under the Marquis de Bouillé, but was restored to England at the close of the Revolution. In 1805 the island was again attacked by a French fleet under Admiral **Villeneuve**. On this occasion, however, it was successfully defended by the garrison under Sir **George Provost**. The government is administered by a Lieutenant-Governor, aided by an Executive Council of fourteen members, of whom one-half are nominated by the English crown and the other half elected by the people. The capital of Dominica is Roseau, situated in St. George's Parish, on the southwest side of the island, and on a tongue of land having Woodbridge Bay on the north and Charlottesville Bay on the south. The town is regularly built, with long, wide, paved streets which intersect each other at right angles, and has a population of 5000. The roadstead is safe from October to August, although the anchorage is far from good; but during the hurricane months a heavy sea frequently rolls in from the south. The harbor of Prince Rupert Bay, on the northwest side of the island, is, however, at all times safe and commodious.



THE BOILING LAKE OF DOMINICA.



SKETCHES AT HYÈRES.

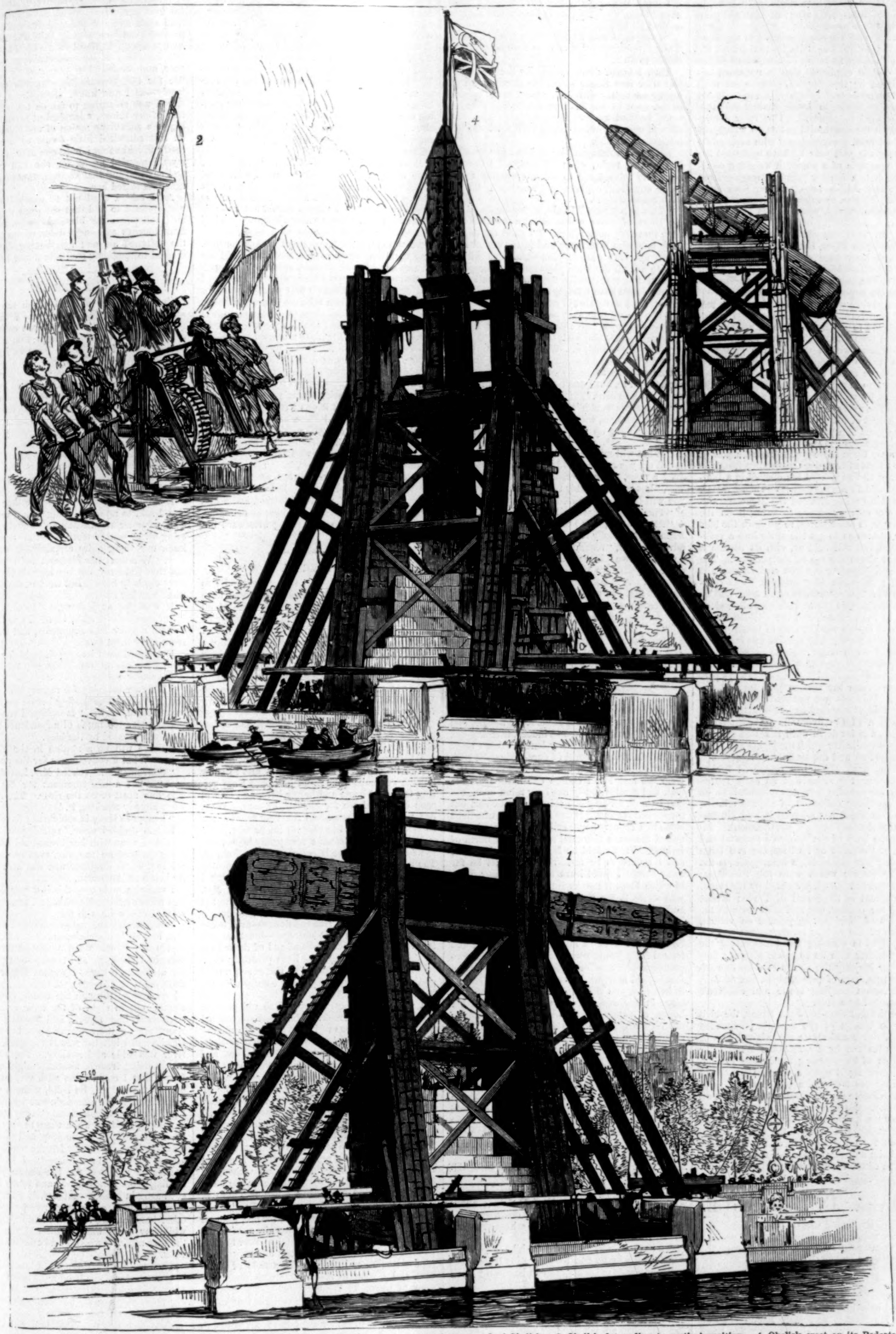
SKETCHES AT HYÈRES, FRANCE.

THERE are few places of resort along the Riviera that offer more attractions to an invalid than the little French settlement of Hyères. It is celebrated for the beauty of its situation and the mildness of its climate, and is therefore much resorted to by persons suffering from pulmonary or nervous complaints.

Hyères is seven miles from Toulon, and may be reached from Paris, by way of Dijon, Lyons, and Marseilles, in eighteen hours. The town itself lies but three miles from the sea, and is surrounded by lovely orange gardens, while the vine, olive, and palm-tree flourish every where in abundance. Near the coast lie the Isles d'Hyères, called by the ancients the Stæchades, which, with the exception of the military garrisons of a few forts, are uninhabited. Here the heat of summer is tempered by the sea-breezes, and for many months in the year the climate is that of uninterrupted spring. Altogether Hyères is one of the warmest, most sheltered, and most delightful winter residences in France. Every comfort necessary for an invalid may be found there, the permanent residents having exerted themselves in every way to make their town attractive.

The number of excursions which may be made to different points in the vicinity, and which serve to fill up the tedium of idle days, adds much to the pleasure of a sojourn at Hyères. Conveyances may be had at a cheap rate, while the services of an intelligent donkey may be procured for a whole day for the small sum of two francs. Among the most popular excursions is a visit to the different Roman ruins that exist in the neighborhood, as, for instance, the city of Pomponia and the fountain of St. Salvador. Our artist, who is only one among a large number that return with enthusiastic accounts of the enjoyment to be had from a visit to Hyères, sends a letter describing his experiences, from which we quote the following paragraph:

"Hyères, though hardly to be compared as a town with Nice, Mentone, or Cannes, is more accessible, and if we except the last-mentioned place, is a more exclusively English resort. Here you seldom see any of the gentlemen whose nationality is distinguishable by their spectacles, black gloves, and long pipes, and you are quite out of the vortex of that beautiful but baneful spot, 'Montecarlo,' which attracts the off-scourings of Europe to this coast. At Hyères the diligence, almost obsolete elsewhere, flourishes, and on the Toulon road competes successfully with the railway, for the people, either from being very conservative or from motives of economy, patronize it in preference to the latter mode of travel. The municipal authorities of the place are to blame if the sanitary arrangements are not perfect, for they have now an abundant supply of good water at Hyères. One of the peculiarities of the town is the long row of washer-women pursuing their avocation at the road-side, dressed



1. The Obelisk on September 11, raised aloft in a horizontal position. 2. Windlass to lower the bottom end of Obelisk. 3. Obelisk descending to vertical position. 4. Obelisk erect on its Pedestal.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, ON THE VICTORIA THAMES EMBANKMENT.

usually in the costume of the country, which consists of a light cherry-colored dress, striped with thin black lines, and a Leghorn straw hat. The last, however, is generally laid on one side while the clothes are being washed. A great resort for picnic parties is Fenouillet, one of the highest hills in the neighborhood. Members of the party usually pause at a small chapel, where they are regaled with a *petit verre* of liquor concocted by the good monks, if their own story may be believed, but to my mind tasting very much like Cognac and sugar. There are very pretty villas surrounded by beautiful gardens at Hyères and in the neighborhood of the town. These are situated in many cases on slopes rising to a considerable height above the sea. From the back of the one represented in our sketch the reader gets a most beautiful view of the surrounding country, and of the blue Mediterranean studded with craft of all kinds, from the mighty iron-clad to the smallest fishing boat, and the islands of Porquerolles and the Isles d'Or."

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

In 1821, when Mehemet Ali was seized with a determination to civilize Egypt by main force, and was offering any quantity of antiquities for an equivalent in hewn stones wherewith to build his dry-docks and arsenals, he presented one of the Cleopatra's Needles that had fallen, but was still entire, to George IV., then King of England. This obelisk, with its companion, which still stands erect at the very edge of the Mediterranean, a landmark as well as a monument in an Arab suburb of Alexandria, surrounded by squalid huts and filth and poverty, formed originally, if we may put any faith in tradition, the entrance to the palace of the Ptolemys, in which Cleopatra bewitched Cæsar and Antony. The one obelisk stands up boldly against the sky as if defying the progress of time to shake it from its foundations; the other lay for centuries across a little ravine, and was used as a bridge by wayfarers. "I trotted my donkey over it," says a traveller, "and